THE

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XXXVII. MILITARY MEMOIRS; *relating to Campaigns, Battles, and Stratagems of War, antient and modern: extracted from the best authorities, with occasional remarks. By the Author of Memoirs of the War in Asia from* 1778 *to* 1784, *&c.* 8*vo.* 600 *pages. Johnson.*

THIS work, dedicated to the Duke of York, takes a general review of the battles in ancient and modern history: we give the

"PREFACE.

"Marshal Turenne was wont to say, that, 'In battles, God almighty, for the most part, declared on the side of the most numerous battalions.' This, no doubt, the marshal had found to hold true in his own observation and experience. But, on a wider view, nothing will appear to be more erroneous. For history, both antient and modern, abundantly proves that victory has not so often turned upon the comparative masses of opposite numbers, as on the quantum of matter, to borrow a phrase from the mathematicians, multiplied into it's velocity, and both, by skilful evolutions, ably and dextrously directed. The event of war generally depends on the superiority of talents in those who form and execute military plans. Here lies the strength of armies, more than in their numbers or even their veteran discipline. It was from a knowledge of both antient and modern military history that Field-Marshal Keith, the first preceptor in the art of war to the great King of Prussia, drew those ideas with which his mind was so amply stored, of military tactics. Frederic, himself, was anxious that his generals and other officers, as well as himself, should be acquainted with the theory as well as the practice of war. It was a common saying of his, that no man could acquire any profound skill in the military art by practice only, or otherwise than by applying to it as a study.—The improvements made by the king himself in that art have not tended to invalidate the truth of his position.

"But books relating to the Conduct, and treatises on the Art, of War are not in every hand, nor, if they were, has every one leisure to read them. The details of memorable battles, antient and modern, on which the fate of nations has depended, are less generally known than they ought to be, and would be read, particularly at a crisis like the present, with pleasure and advantage by military men of all ranks and descriptions, were it not for the difficulty and expense of gratifying their inclination. The descriptions given of such battles in books of general history are commonly too concise to be either entertaining or, in a military point of view, useful; and few readers have an opportunity of consulting the cotemporary historians, by whom the details are related. But, by a judicious selection, accounts of the most celebrated battles, at present to be found only

by turning over numerous volumes of history, in many languages, may be brought together and contained in one volume of a moderate size; yet so minutely described, as to serve the principal purpose of illustrating the maxims of war, and that with more pleasure, force, and effect, than if they were exhibited in a didactic form. Supposed cases of the number of an enemy, the ground he occupies, his relative positions, and other particulars stated abstractedly, take but little hold on the mind; and lessons founded on these abstracted cases are soon forgotten. The memory is very much under the influence and direction of the imagination; and proceeds in the operation of recollection by association of ideas. But among a great variety of battles, in a great variety of circumstances, there are many that amuse the imagination, and some that may be called to mind, almost without any effort, even on sudden emergencies, by some points of resemblance or of contrast. The perusal of military history is, at any rate, the most natural and easy introduction to the study of military tactics.

"However the instrumentality has varied, the great operations of war, springing from genius and sound sense, have continued in all times and places the same. Though the manner of engaging, since the introduction of gunpowder, be, in some respects, different, seasons, grounds, forage, surprises, ambushes, retreats, and, in a word, the grand outlines, and almost the whole theory, of war remain unaltered. Similar emergencies suggest similar measures; the same circumstances dictate the same expedients. Nor is the difference between the weapons of antient and modern warfare so great as may, perhaps, be sometimes imagined. The antients had their missive weapons as well as we; darts, slings, bows and arrows, balistæ, and catapultæ. Vineæ, rams, and moveable towers, were scarcely less formidable to walled towns than battering cannon; and chariots armed with projecting scythes as little to be opposed, though they might be eluded, as field-artillery.

"For this reason, the editor has made a compilation of military occurrences, antient as well as modern. The antient Greek writers are but very imperfectly understood in the general translations of their whole works; but least of all when they touch on the conduct of war, and the order and vicissitudes of battles. For instance, who can form any accurate and adequate idea of engagements from Hampden's Polybius? In the present compilation, recourse has been had to the original of Polybius, Xenophon, Arrianus, and other Greek authors; and, with the assistance, not only of Vegetius and Ælianus, but that of military gentlemen who have added the study of the theory to an acquaintance with actual scenes of war, descriptions of battles have been made out which may, it is hoped, be intelligible. The whole of these anecdotes, extracted from the best authorities, serve to illustrate and to impress on the mind a lively and practical conviction of the most important truths; how often enthusiasm and numbers have prevailed over disciplined valour and all the tactician's art; and, on the other hand, how often a high and impetuous spirit, by deranging the plan of the general, and exposing the troops to be attacked in flank, have involved the whole in defeat and disaster; on what minute accidents the fate of battles often turns; the effects of surprise; the power of novelty; the protection of courage; the fatal influence and contagion of fear. But, amidst the ever-shifting scene of a great battle, accidents are controlled by the presence of mind and the invention of a consummate commander; who, in the resources of his own mind, fraught with various ideas and stratagems of war, finds means to repair sudden reverses of fortune, and even to improve unforeseen accidents into victory.

"These are among the principal conclusions or results that remain uppermost in the mind on a general review of battles. But there is another deduction to be made from military history, of still greater importance than any of these. There is not any one maxim in war of such essential consequence to a general or other commanding officer, as to know the character of mankind in general, and particularly the character of his enemy; how human nature will be affected in given circumstances; and what, more particularly, is likely to

be the conduct, in those circumstances, of individual nations.—Julius Cæsar, in his campaigns against the Gauls, Germans, and Britons, was careful, in the first place, to inquire, not only into the nature of the country and the military force and resources of the nations against whom he was to advance, but into their government, and, above all, their *character*. The Gauls he found to possess an advantageous stature, a high spirit, and an impetuous bravery; but they were very changeable in their designs, sudden in their resolutions, unsteady, without perseverance, without patience, and, on the whole, more fitted for making than for sustaining and repelling an attack.

"A constant regard to this circumstance in the character of the Gauls appears, through the whole of his conduct towards that people, political and military. It was his constant aim to elude or to secure himself against their attacks, and how and when, instead of receiving, to give the charge. The moral nature of the Gauls was equally understood by a Carthaginian commander, scarcely, if at all, inferior to Cæsar. Hannibal, at the battle of Cannæ, drew up his army, composed of different nations, in the following order.—Having sent forward his troops armed with darts and slings, to encounter and keep in play the Roman velites, with his Africans he formed his two wings, which were very deep in file. Between these, he arranged his Gauls and Spaniards. The Gauls were both tall and stout men, and furious in their onset; but the violence of their impetuosity was soon exhausted, and they were incapable of making head long against a steady resistance. The Spaniards were less impetuous, but more wary; neither ashamed to give way, when too hard pressed, nor backward, when any favourable circumstance invited, to return and renew the contest. It was the object of Hannibal to temper the fire of the one with the patience of the other.

"On this circumstance in the character of the Gauls, in which all the historians are agreed, Sir Walter Raleigh, a scholar, a philosopher, and a soldier, remarks, that the same disposition of impetuosity and inconstancy had descended to the French of this day. All history shews that it has also descended to our's. The victories of the French have been owing to their attacks—their defeats to attacks made upon them. This important fact will be amply illustrated in these Military Anecdotes; in the mean time, I shall produce just one instance of a British officer acting on the full persuasion of this truth with complete and glorious success. When the Grand Vizier, at the head of twenty-five thousand men and a multitude of servants and followers, arrived and lay encamped at Belbeis, May, 1801, General Belliard, who commanded the French forces in Cairo, resolved to defeat him before he should be joined by the Anglo-Turkish army, under General Hutchinson. For the execution of this design, he dispatched a force, foot and cavalry, about five thousand strong, with a train of artillery. Had the French been permitted to make an attack on such a rabble as the Turkish army, which they would have done, probably, in the night, their defeat would have been certain. Major Holloway, supported by Major Hope and other English officers in the army and about the person of the vizier, persuaded his highness to anticipate an attack by making one. The French were attacked, on their march, in a wood, routed, and driven back to Cairo.

"That the military character of the French is such as has been above described, is well known to the most intelligent Frenchmen, and, particularly, was not very long ago observed in conversation, without reserve, by Augereau, and other French generals of distinction. 'French troops (they observed) were the best in Europe for attack, and the worst for defence. That there was no enterprise, however hazardous, that they would not readily attempt as assailants, returning again and again to the charge, if repulsed, and yet, that nothing could induce them to remain firm, like Austrian and British soldiers, when attacked.' That this is the declared opinion of Augereau and other French generals, is a fact ascertained beyond a doubt. Though it be in exact conformity with all that has been remarked, in all times, of the natives of France, it is not, I apprehend, so generally attended to as it

deserves to be. It is a 'secret worth knowing' to all our generals. If this alone should be duly impressed on the mind by these anecdotes, as I doubt not but it will be, they will not have been published in vain.

"This brief illustration of the impetuosity, but impatience, of the French, and of the advantages to be derived from a knowledge of that prominent circumstance in their national character, is given here as an example of the use to be made of military anecdotes, and the views by which the compiler of these has been guided in his selections.

"I have ventured to refer the reader to some writings to which I had been induced to prefix my name; and to these I have added Dodsley's Annual Register, continued for some time by me for a society of booksellers—not from vanity, for what praise is to be expected from a work that treads so hard on the footsteps, and, in some respects, may be said even to anticipate time?—from ten books, relating to recent and passing events, composed, amidst incessant complaints of delay and clamours for expedition, in the space of four years? I could mention yet other volumes, relating principally to military affairs on a very wide scene of action, in the composition of which my attention to what was most remarkable in that chain of causes and effects which involved the great catastrophe was closely fixed, and by the best authorities faithfully directed.

"There is no one who so much as attempts the narration of military transactions that is not obliged to acquire, if possible, some notion of the art of war, or, at least, the general principles by which it's great movements are directed, and of the results to be expected from different passions, habits, and modes of conduct, as well as a habit of attention, in descriptions of battles, to the principal circumstances that led to defeat or victory.

"As to Mr. Cunningham's History of Great Britain, comprehending all the campaigns of the Duke of Marlborough, it has been allowed, by military men of the first reputation, that in his description of sieges and battles he is one of the best-informed, accurate, and intelligible, of modern historians; which is in some measure to be accounted for from the circumstances of his life, the history of which is prefixed to the translation.

"It is superfluous to observe, that the maxims of war illustrated in the present collection are equally applicable, for the most part, whether the scene of action may lie in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America; with the exception, perhaps, that some of the battles described by antient writers may probably appear the most interesting to our Indian army. It is impossible, for instance, to read the accounts of the war between the Romans and Parthians without recollecting the modes of warfare practised by both Tartarian tribes and by the Mahrattas.

"It may well occasion a smile to see a man who acknowledges himself to be the writer of the History of Europe in Dodsley's Annual Register continued so often quoting that publication among 'the best authorities.' But, let it be recollected, that the authorities from which his statements of military affairs are there given are distinctly pointed out, where those authorites have been published. The private authorities, from which he drew not a little of his information, were equally respectable, and would have done credit to the work, had he been at liberty to state them. A like observation might with truth be made with respect to the private information which the editor has received from different quarters in the work now submitted to the public." p. xv.

The first part relates to Battles before the Invention of Gunpowder; the second, to Battles since the Invention of Gunpowder. We give the account of the siege of Acre, where Sir Sydney Smith so gallantly distinguished himself.

"On the 18th of March, 1799, a French army, under the command of Buonaparte, thirteen thousand strong, in infantry, cavalry, engineers, artillery, and guides, having crossed the small river of Acre, encamped on an insulated eminence, that was near and parallel to the sea. On the 20th, the trenches were opened, at about one hundred and twenty fathoms from the fortress. On the 16th, about eight in the evening, the English commodore, Sir Sidney Smith, after a chase of three hours, had taken, off the

Cape of Carmel, the whole of a French flotilla, laden with heavy cannon, ammunition, platforms, and other articles, necessary for Buonaparte's army to undertake the siege. This artillery, consisting of forty-four pieces, was immediately mounted on the ramparts of Acre, against the lines and batteries of the enemy; gun-boats were also employed against the enemy's fire, and with great success. The nature of the ground, however, permitted the French to carry their trenches within half a musket-shot of the ditch of the place. The French, March 30th, having effected a breach in the wall, on the north-east part of the town, endeavoured to take it by assault, but were vigorously repulsed by the garrison with considerable loss. The ditch was filled with dead bodies. The troops of Ghezzar, the bashaw of Acre, afterwards made three successful sorties. The object of the last was to destroy a mine, which the enemy had constructed under the covered way to the northward, in order to fill up the ditch near the breach. The English took charge of this enterprise; and, while two thousand Turks took charge of the sortie, they jumped into the mine, and, finding that the works were not quite finished, tore down the supports, and destroyed the whole construction. After this, an uninterrupted fire was kept up from the fortress of Acre.

"As the town of Acre stands on a rectangular point of land, in the form of a square, of which two sides are washed by the sea, the British ships in the bay of Acre were enabled to contribute the protection of their guns to the garrison, and to the working parties detached from those ships, who were employed in throwing up two ravelines, or half-moons. These, taking the enemy's nearest approaches, which were advanced within a stone's-cast, in flank, considerably impeded his operations. The enemy having nearly made a lodgment on the crown of the glacis, and mined the tower forming the inward angle of the town-wall, which is composed of curtains and square towers, after the manner of the twelfth century, Buonaparte, who had effected a breach on the fourteenth day of the siege, attempted to storm, but was repulsed. Repeated assaults were equally unsuccessful. It was judged to be the best mode of defence, by the garrison, to make frequent sorties, in order to keep the enemy on the defensive, and to impede the progress of their covering works.

"Agreeably to a pre-concerted plan of operations, in the execution of which Ghezzar was very active, a number of Mamelukes, who had followed Abraham, or, as they pronounce it, Ibrahim, Bey into Syria, the Janizaries of Damascus, troops from Aleppo, Maugrabins, and others, advanced, with an intention of joining the Arabs and Naplousians, inhabiting the antient Samaria, and attacking the French army on one side, while the troops of Ghezzar, supported by the fire of the British ships, should attack them on the other. Neither a detachment of Kleber's division, under General Junot, which had taken post at Nazareth and Saffat, in order to watch and oppose the progress of the enemy, and cover the siege of Acre, nor the remainder of that division under Kleber himself, sent for his support, were found adequate to that object. General Junot, surrounded and attacked by nearly three thousand cavalry, was forced to fall back upon Caff-Cana. Kleber had, on the 11th of April, reached Sed-Jarra, within four miles of Cana, when four thousand Turkish and Arabian cavalry, supported by four or five hundred foot, coming down from the hills, surrounded the French, and were preparing to charge them. Kleber attacked the village of Sed-Jarra, and routed the Turkish cavalry, which fled across the Jordan.

"But, by this time, or within a day or two thereafter, the whole Syrian army, having passed the Jordan in different divisions, at the bridge of Jacob, and at that of El-Mecana, encamped on the plains of Fouli, the antient Esdrelon, where they formed a junction with the Samaritans, or Naplousians. The united army amounted from fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand men, and, as was computed by the French generals, together with the armed inhabitants of the country, by whom, as is usual in Asia, they had been joined in their march and after their arrival in the plains of Fouli, to above forty thousand.

"At the same time, Simon, the commandant of the party of French at Saffatt, had been obliged to retire within the fort, where he was attacked by the enemy, who attempted to carry the place by scaling it. They were repulsed with great loss, but the French still held it in a state of blockade, with very little of either ammunition or provisions. Buonaparte, informed of these circumstances by General Kleber, who, at the same time, intimated his intention of making an attempt to get behind and surprise the enemy, immediately determined to attack at all points, and come to a decisive engagement with a multitude by whom he might be attacked and harassed at their pleasure. He gave orders to Murat, general of brigade, to leave the encampment before Acre, with a thousand infantry and a regiment of cavalry, by forced marches, to seize possession of Jacob's Bridge, to fall on the besiegers of Saffat in rear, and, having raised the siege of that place, to join General Kleber. This general, retarded by the difficulty of the roads and the defiles through which he had to pass, could not reach the Syrian camp till about two hours after sun-rising. The enemy, warned of his approach, by their advanced parties from the heights of Mount Hermon, was quickly on horseback, and marched forward as far as the village of Fouli, which they occupied with the Naplousian infantry, and two small pieces of cannon, carried on the backs of camels. Buonaparte, leaving only two divisions to keep the trenches and carry on the siege of Acre, with what remained of his cavalry, after detaching General Murat to Jacob's Bridge, the division of Bon, and eight pieces of artillery, hastened to the relief of Kleber. Having marched from Acre on the 15th of April, he reached and took post on the heights of Sassuria in the evening of that day, and on the next morning, at day-break, marched toward Fouli, along the gorges of the Samaritan mountains. From the last eminence that he had to pass, he saw Esdrelon, or Fouli, and Mount Tabor, and, at the foot of this mountain, General Kleber in close action with the enemy. The general had drawn up his men, in number two thousand, upon some ruins, where he had deposited his baggage, and where he maintained a resistance to twenty thousand cavalry, by whom he was nearly surrounded. Buonaparte formed his troops into three square bodies, of which one was cavalry, and made proper dispositions for turning the enemy, at a great distance, and cutting off their communication with their camp, as well as their retreat, and, with the assistance of General Murat, destroying or overthrowing them in the Jordan. The cavalry, with two field-pieces, were sent to take the enemy's camp; the infantry proceeded to turn their army. When it had advanced within the distance of half a league of Kleber, Buonaparte dispatched for his support the General Rampon, with a demi-brigade, and General Vial, with another, to cut off their retreat towards the mountains of Naplousia, while he himself ordered his foot-guides to lead him to the proper places for intercepting their retreat to their magazines of Jenina. The enemy then, for the first time, began to perceive that the approaching forces were Frenchmen; their great mass of cavalry was thrown into disorder. The discharge of an eight-pounder announced the arrival of the French to Kleber; who, thus assisted, charged the Turkish cavalry with the bayonet, and attacked and carried the village of Fouli. The enemy, perceiving that they were cut off both from their magazines and camp, were struck with consternation. They threw themselves behind Mount Tabor, and, having gained, during the night, the bridge of Gizel-Mecana, retreated towards Damascus, in great disorder and with great loss.

"In the mean time, General Murat had surprised the son of the general of Damascus at Jacob's Bridge, had taken his camp, putting all who had not fled to the sword, raised the siege of Saffatt, and pursued and harassed the enemy's retreat for several leagues. Murat, having left a party to guard the post of Jacob's Bridge, and thrown provisions into the castle of Saffat, on the 17th of April took possession of the fort situated on the lake Tiberias, where he found a year's ammunition and provisions.

"The column of cavalry sent to attack the Syrian camp, under the command of the Adjutant-General

Le Turcq, had completely surprised it, taken five hundred camels, with tents, stores, and provisions, killed a great number of men, and made two hundred and fifty prisoners. Buonaparte gave orders that all that was found in the villages of Neures, Jenina, and Fouli, should be destroyed by fire and sword. After reproaching his Naplousian prisoners for having taken up arms against him without provocation, he restrained his vengeance, and promised them his protection, on condition of their remaining quietly in future in their mountains. The loss of the enemy, according to their reports, on their return to Damascus, exceeded five thousand men. They could scarcely conceive that, at the same juncture of time, they had been beaten on a line of nine leagues. With military combinations on plans of any extent, those barbarians are unacquainted: they are to be considered, indeed, not as warriors, but as hordes of robbers.

"General Kleber, with his division, posted in different stations, was left to guard the Jordan; Buonaparte, with the division under General Bon, and the cavalry under General Murat, returned to the camp at Acre.

"New works were pushed with great vigour on both sides. Fresh assaults were made by the besiegers, and sorties by the besieged. The French, on the 28th of April, were encouraged by the arrival of three pieces of battering artillery, twenty-four-pounders, brought to Jaffa, by the frigates under the Vice-Admiral Pernée, and six pieces of eighteen, sent from Damietta; and, on the 17th of May, the English, by the appearance, in the bay of Acre, of a fleet of corvettes and transports, under the command of Hassan Bey.

"The approach of this additional strength was the signal to Buonaparte for a most vigorous and persevering assault, in hope to get possession of the town before the reinforcement to the garrison could disembark. The gun-boats, being within grape distance of the head of the attacking column, added to the Turkish musquetry, did great execution. Still, however, the enemy gained ground, and made a lodgment on the second story of the north-east tower, the upper part being entirely battered down, and the ruins of the ditch forming the ascent by which they mounted. Daylight, on the morning of the 8th of May, discovered the French standard on the outer angle of the tower. The fire of the besieged was much slackened, in comparison with that of the besiegers, and the flanking fire of the former, from the ravelines, was become of less effect, that the enemy had covered themselves in the lodgments before mentioned; and the approach to it, by two traverses, was now seen composed of sand-bags and the bodies of the dead built in with them, their bayonets only being visible above them. Hassan Bey's troops were in the boats, but as yet only half-way to the shore. This was a most critical point of the contest, and an effort was necessary to preserve the place, for a short time, till their arrival. Sir Sidney, therefore, landed the boats at the mole, and took the crews, armed with pikes, up to the breach. The enthusiastic gratitude of the Turks, men, women, and children, at the sight of such a reinforcement, at such a time, was not to be described. Many troops returned, with the very opportune reinforcement, to the breach, which was defended by a few brave Turks, whose most destructive missile weapons were heavy stones. These, striking the assailants on the head, overthrew the foremost down the slope, and impeded the progress of the rest. A succession, however of men ascended to the assault, the heap of ruins between the two parties serving as a breast-work for both. The muzzles of their muskets touched one another, and the spear-head of the standards were locked together. Ghezzar, hearing that the English were on the breach, quitted his station, where, according to the antient Turkish custom, he was sitting to reward such as should bring him the heads of the enemy, and distributing musket-cartridges with his own hand. The energetic old man, coming behind, forcibly pulled them down, saying, if any harm happened to his English friends all was lost. This amicable contest, as to who should defend the breach, occasioned a rush of Turks to the spot, and thus time was gained for the arrival of the first body of Hassan's troops. It became necessary to combat the bashaw's

repugnance to the admission of any troops, but his Albanians, into the garden of his seraglio, become a very important post, as occupying the *terre-plein* of the rampart. There were not above two hundred of the original thousand Albanians left alive. This was no time for debating; his objections were over-ruled. A regiment, called Chifflick, was introduced, consisting of one hundred men, armed with bayonets, and disciplined after the European method, under Sultan Selim's own eye, and placed, by his orders, under Sir Sidney's immediate command. The garrison, animated by the appearance of such a reinforcement, was now all on foot; and there being, consequently, enough to defend the breach, Sir Sidney proposed to the bashaw to get rid of the objects of his jealousy, by opening his gates, to let them make a sally, and then to take the assailants in flank; a request with which he readily complied. Orders were given to the colonel to get possession of the enemy's third parallel, or nearest trench. The gates were opened; the Turks rushed out, but were diven back to the town with loss. The sortie, however, had this good effect; that it obliged the enemy to expose themselves above their parapets; so that the flanking fire of the besieged brought down numbers of them, and drew their force from the breach; the small number, therefore, remaining in the lodgment were killed or dispersed.

"The groupe of generals and aides-de-camp, which shells from sixty-eight-pounders had frequently dispersed, was now assembled on a mount, called Richard Cœur de Lion. Buonaparte was distinguished in the centre of a semi-circle: his gesticulations indicated an intention to renew the attack, and his dispatching an aide-de-camp to the camp shewed that he waited only for a reinforcement. A little before sun-set, a massive column was seen advancing to the breach with a solemn step. The bashaw's idea was not to defend the breach this time, but rather to let a number of the enemy in, and then close with them according to the Turkish mode of warfare. The French column thus mounted the breach unmolested, and descended from the rampart into the bashaw's garden, where, in a very few minutes, the bravest and most advanced among them lay headless corpses, the sabre, with the addition of a dagger in the other hand, proving more than a match for the bayonet. The rest retreated precipitately; and the officer commanding the column, who, as afterwards appeared, was General Lannes, while he was manfully encouraging his men to mount the breach, was severely wounded. General Rambaud was killed.

"During this contest, immense multitudes of spectators, on the surrounding hills, waited, according to the manner of Asia, to see how it would end, to join the victors.

"The Turkish Chifflick regiment made a fresh sally the next night, the 9th of May, the lieutenant-colonel, Soliman Aga, being determined to retrieve the honour of the regiment, by the punctual execution of the orders he had received, to make himself masters of the enemy's third parallel, which he did most effectually; but the impetuosity of a few carried them on to the second trench, where they lost some of their standards, though they spiked four guns before their retreat. Kleber's division, instead of mounting the breach, according to Buonaparte's intention, was thus obliged to waste it's time and strength in recovering their trenches; in which, after a conflict for some hours, it succeeded.

"A flag of truce was now sent into the town, by the hand of an Arabian dervise, with a letter to the bashaw, proposing a cessation of arms, for the purpose of burying the dead bodies, the stench from which had become intolerable, and threatened the existence of every individual in the armies on both sides, many having died delirious within a few hours after being seized with the first symptoms of infection. All hopes of success having vanished, the enemy had no alternative left but a retreat, which was put in execution on the night between the 20th and 21st of May, after a siege of sixty days." p. 555.

XXXVIII. *The* POETICAL WORKS OF CHARLES CHURCHILL; *with Explanatory Notes, and an authentic Account of his Life: now first published.* 8*vo.* 2 *vols.* 400 *pages each. Baldwins.*

A GENTLEMAN of Gray's-Inn, who signs the initials only of his name, W. T., has been led to undertake this edition of Churchill from the remarks of Dr. Kippis in the Biographia Britannica—'Perhaps nothing will revive the memory of our author's poems, so as to cause them again to be generally read, excepting a new edition, with notes, fully explaining the satirical and historical allusions.' This the editor has now accomplished, and therefore we only add from the Authentic Account of the Poet's Life, his death, and a character of his writings.

"Towards the end of October, 1764, he accompanied his friend Mr. Cotes to France, to pay a visit to Wilkes, then a voluntary exile in that country. They met at Boulogne, where Churchill, immediately upon his arrival, was seized with a miliary fever, which baffled the skill of two eminent physicians by whom he was attended. Mr. Cotes was a great advocate for Dr. James's powder, and insisted upon administering it, to which the medical gentlemen consented, but observed that the battle was lost. They at the same time said, that if the powder produced any favourable effect, it would operate as a cathartic or by perspiration, but that if it acted as an emetic, which in fact it did, the patient would be immediately carried off. The event corresponded with their prediction, and Churchill died at Boulogne, on the 4th of November, in the thirty-fourth year of his age. At the moment when his danger was most imminent, the physicians, according to the law of the country, were obliged to apprise the priests of his danger, that they might attend to perform their spiritual functions, and, the patient being a protestant, to use their endeavours for his conversion. Accordingly, they repeatedly demanded admission for this purpose; but their attempts were parried, with his usual address, by Wilkes, who thus prevented them from troubling his dying friend. This gentleman has informed the world, that the goodness of Churchill's heart and the firmness of his philosophy shone in full lustre during the whole time of his very severe illness; and that the comprehensive faculties of his mind remained unimpaired till within a few moments of his death.

"Churchill's body was brought from Boulogne for interment at Dover; where it was deposited in the old churchyard formerly belonging to the collegiate church of St. Martin, with a stone over him, on which are inscribed his age, the time of his death, and this line from his own works—

'Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies.'

A tablet sacred to his memory has since been placed in the church by Mr. Underwood, the author of several poetical pieces.

"The unexpected death of a man who had now for near four years, unceasingly, occupied the attention of the public could not take place without occasioning a considerable sensation. He was sincerely lamented by his friends and acquaintance, and his popularity, with a great body of the people, gave to his death the appearance of a national loss. Such was at first the enthusiasm in favour of his memory, that there was a talk of erecting a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; but the idea soon subsided, and will scarcely ever be revived.

"In the year 1765, the celebrated Abbé Winckelman having presented Wilkes with an antique sepulchral urn of alabaster, the latter caused the following inscription, closely imitative of the terse style of the antients, to be engraven on it.

'CAROLO CHURCHILL,
Amico Jucundo
Poetæ acri
Civi optime de patria merito
P
Johannis Wilkes.
MDCCLXV.'

"The same inscription is also engraved on a Doric pillar, erected to his memory by Mr. Wilkes, in the

grove of Sandham Cottage in the Isle of Wight. It is in the middle of the grove; behind it are weeping willows, cypresses, and yews. Laurels seem to grow out of the column, as from Virgil's tomb at Naples, and come nearly down to the tablet on the pillar, which is fluted, and appears in some parts already injured by time. On the foreground, are large myrtles, bays, laburnums, &c. The pillar is broken, and is about nine feet in height and five in diameter.

"Churchill left two sons, Charles and John, the charge of whose education was generously undertaken by Sir Richard Jebb, who sent the former to the university of Cambridge with a handsome allowance. They neither of them proved worthy of this support; they inherited the faults, without the virtues and abilities, of their father, and died, like him, victims to their disregard of temperance and prudence.

"Of the numerous publications relating to our author and his works, which appeared during his life, and soon after his death, notice has occasionally been taken in the remarks upon his poems; and we shall not trespass on the patience of our readers by any farther mention of them here. They have, like many other things, become valuable, only because they are scarce; and became scarce, only because they were of no value: their titles, names, and merits, are preserved in the reviews of the day; the works themselves may be found in the libraries of the antiquarian scavengers of English literature. It would likewise be a needless task to enumerate the various editions of our author's works; the present one contains all he ever published, except his sermons, and some poetical trifles, ascribed to him on dubious authority, and which appeared in the Library, a periodical journal of the year 1761.

"On a short review of Churchill's writings, we must pronounce them to be, like his life, irregular, unequal, and inconsistent. In the same page may frequently be contrasted the strength, fire, and brilliancy, of Dryden to the roughness of Oldham and of Donne. In either case, however, a noble vein of moral satire pervades his poems, and he in them stands forth the undaunted bard of liberty, the scourge of tyranny, and the firm friend to the laws and constitution of his country. Led away by the enthusiasm of friendship, Churchill occasionally sullied and deserted these noble principles, by adopting the libellous and factious language of the profligate supporters of a good cause. Unfortunately, we cannot assert the patriotism of our author without impeaching his understanding, when we feel ourselves compelled to acknowledge him as the dupe of a designing demagogue. This, however, we believe to have been the fact; for while we cannot but regret the numerous errors and irregularities too apparent in the conduct of our author, we yet see no traces of systematic vice or deception in his disposition. This was frank and open in the extreme; to hypocrisy he was an utter stranger: his great failing, and the original source of his misconduct, was, the paying an inconsiderate and implicit obedience to the dictates of a heart which was naturally sound, but which, under the influence of his witty and dissolute companions, took a wrong bias, and from that period progressively diverged farther and farther from the path of virtue.

"No poet of equal celebrity had ever fewer testimonies paid to his memory and merits than Churchill; he was too severe a censor of his literary contemporaries for them to contribute to the extension of his fame whose object it had been to detract from their's. The partial pen of Lloyd, who appears throughout all his poems desirous of expressing his admiration for his friend, forms nearly a solitary exception. We shall confine ourselves to the following extract, as at once affording a pleasing specimen of his poetry and gratitude.

'Is there a man, whose genius strong
Rolls like a rapid stream along;
Whose muse, long hid in cheerless night,
Pours on us like a flood of light;
Whose active, comprehensive, mind
Walks fancy's regions, unconfin'd;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affectation, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf
To talk on, with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, and freely speaks,
And meets the wit he never seeks;

Whose reason calm and judgment cool
Can pity, but not hate, a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who, bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends, yet loves them too—
Churchill will be the last to know
His is the portrait I would shew.'

"Succeeding writers took the tone from their predecessors, and Cowper is almost the only author of celebrity who has done justice to the abilities and character of our author. Johnson and Goldsmith are said to have spoken slightingly of him; and indeed it would have been singular, if, after the provocation he had received from our author, the former had not condemned him, whilst Goldsmith would of course endeavour to support the opinion of his friend. Few writers have, however, ventured to impeach their own judgment by committing to paper any remarks in derogation of Churchill's talents; tho' they would not commend, they dared not censure, and have therefore only preferred silence to praise.

"It has of late been usual with most editors to conclude the life with an essay on the genius of their author. This custom is, in our opinion, more honoured in the breach than the observance; and, in the room of an affected and pedantic dissertation, written more with a view to display the editor's than his author's genius, we shall close our account of the life and writings of Charles Churchill with the following just delineation of his character by Cowper, a poet equal to our author in energy and originality, but voluntarily inferior to him in harmony of diction.

'Contemporaries all surpass'd, see one,
Short his career, indeed, but ably run;
Churchill, himself unconscious of his powers,
In penury consum'd his idle hours;
And, like a scattered seed at random sown,
Was left to spring by vigour of his own.
Lifted, at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in luxury's soft lap,
And took, too often, there his easy nap.
If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth.
Surly and slovenly, and bold, and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
The laurel seem'd to wait on his command;
He snatch'd it rudely from the muse's hand.'" p. liii. *Table Talk.*"

The few letters subjoined to the memoirs, which were written by the poet to Wilkes, are curious; and the portrait of the bard has the appearance of being a good likeness: it is robust and unwieldy, it is bold and daring; corresponding in a very great degree with the sketch which Churchill drew of himself in a certain well-known portion of his works.

XXXIX. THE GUIDE TO IMMORTALITY; *or, Memoirs of the Life and Doctrine of Christ, by the Four Evangelists; digested into one continued Narrative, according to the Order of Time and Place laid down by Archbishop Newcome; in the Words of the Established Version, with Improvements, and illustrated with Notes, Moral, Theological, and Explanatory; tending to delineate the true Character and Genius of Christianity.* By ROBERT FELLOWES, A.M., *Oxon.* 8vo. 3 *vols.* 350 *pages each.* 11. 4*s.* *White.*

THIS elaborate work is dedicated to the Duke of Grafton, and the preface explains so fully its nature and tendency, that we shall insert it.

"PREFACE.

"I had no sooner perused the elegant Diatessaron of the truly ingenious and learned Dr. White, than I determined, as soon as I could spare time from other occupations, to publish in English a work on a similar plan, though somewhat differing in a part of the arrangement. In the account of the resurrection, I have more closely adhered to the harmony of Newcome than has been done by

Dr. White, who has followed the order of narration suggested by Dr. Townson; but which appears to me, on mature consideration, more perplexing and less satisfactory than that of Benson and Newcome.

"The utility of such a work as the present must be universally apparent. In reading the separate histories of the four evangelists, the memory is liable to be oppressed and the attention to be confused by the narrative of the same facts and discourses placed in a different order, viewed in different combinations of circumstances, and related without any methodical discrimination of time and place. But the present work contains every particular of the four evangelical histories formed into one clear, consistent, and continued, narrative, according to the order of time when and the place where the several events of our Lord's life happened, his miracles were wrought, and his discourses were delivered. Those who have little leisure to peruse many religious books will accordingly, in these volumes, find every theological truth recommended which is necessary to be known and every moral duty impressed which is necessary to be practised; and, in short, they will, I trust, have a faithful and a cheering guide to immortality.

"Of those corrections and improvements which, on the present occasion, have been made in the established version of the evangelical memoirs, I have been indebted for the far greater part to the highly meritorious and useful labours of Wakefield, Symonds,* and Newcome; men whose erudition, sagacity, and good sense, will long endear their names to every lover of the scriptures. In some few instances, and they are but few, I have ventured to follow the dictates of my own judgment rather than abide by their authority.

"After all the vernacular versions which we possess of the christian scriptures, I am far from thinking that there is any one which is not capable of considerable improvement. In a work, indeed, of such a nature, which is, in itself, so difficult, and which demands such extensive learning and such various powers, a mind so enriched with accumulated erudition, a judgment so cool, and a heart so free from all narrow sectarian partialities, perfection is not to be expected; but I trust that, by successive attempts of this kind, in which the last translator is always wise enough to profit by the errors of his predecessor, we shall, in time, have, as far as it is possible to have, a blameless copy of the incomparable original.

"Of other works, those translations are most approved which, instead of being a mere literal rendering of one word for another, clearly and forcibly express the sense and spirit of the original; but, in translations of the scriptures, in which it is certainly of more importance to have an exact and animated representation of the sense, than a formal and lifeless transcript of the phraseology, there are many who suppose the attempt to be impious and heretical. Thus, in most of our scriptural translations, we have a servile adherence to the idiom of the original, instead of an adaptation of the idiom to that of the language in which the translation is conveyed. In the established version of the Old and the New Covenant Scriptures, though long use has almost consecrated the usurpations of a foreign phraseology, there is, in many places, an incongruous tissue of different idioms. With want of faithfulness, that version can, indeed, less often be charged than with the substitution of a foreign for the genuine idiom of our native tongue; and which a more studious attention to the letter than to the sense seems principally to have occasioned. But, while I contend for a spirited and idiomatic, let it not be supposed that I wish to encourage a loose and pariphrastic, version; what I am recommending is a compact, a perspicuous, and, as far as is consistent with simplicity, an elegant, transfusion of the sense. In such a translation of the scriptures, to which I would give the name of idiomatic, the English idiom should be inviolably and uniformly preserved in

"* It is to the persuative suggestions of this accomplished scholar, operating on the pious mind of Archbishop Newcome, to which we are indebted for that prelate's improved version of the christian scriptures, and in which he made a liberal use of Mr. Symonds's observations.

the body of the text, and the foreign idiom should be marked at the bottom of the page. To the learned, such a work might be useless; but the unlearned constitute the mass of the people, and to them it would be of inestimable worth. It would so much contribute to the right understanding of the christian doctrine, as much to diminish, though it would not entirely supersede, the necessity of a commentary or notes. In the present work, I have bestowed much more pains on the notes than on the translation; for circumstances, which, if they were related, would powerfully appeal to the sympathy of the reader, could not permit me to allot an equal portion of time to the translation and the notes.

"In the notes, which will be found very copious, I have endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to unravel what was intricate and to elucidate what was obscure; and, though they are detached and isolated, as notes must necessarily be, yet they will, I trust, be found to harmonize in unity of intention, to explain and to enforce the great essentials of religion. In discharging the duty of a commentator, I have derived much assistance from the labours of my predecessors, particularly of Grotius and Rosenmuller, from which I have transferred to my purpose many learned and judicious observations; but I have never copied their opinions, nor the opinions of any other writers, without having first exposed them to a rigorous examination, and separated, as far as I was able, the sound from the specious, the apposite from the extraneous, and the weighty from the frivolous. Philological discussion and learned quotations I have for the most part studiously endeavoured to avoid, that I might render these pages better adapted to a general circulation, and more acceptable to readers of both sexes. On the moral precepts of Christ I have largely expatiated; and this I was prompted to do, that I might, from his own words at the top of the page, more clearly shew the true spirit and genius of the christian doctrine. Seriously impressed with the necessity of cherishing myself and of inducing others to cherish that charity of sentiment which is without any sectarian exceptions or unscriptural limitations, I have inculcated no tenets as important, but those of which Jesus expressly affirmed the importance; and I believe that no doctrine will be found supported in these pages which is not beyond all controversy authorized by the scriptures.

"In the following work, it will, perhaps, be objected that I have introduced no mysteries; but whatever is mysterious is unnecessary. The essentials of religion consist in a few, and those the plainest, truths. For religion is the concern of all men; and, therefore, all that is really important in religion will be found to be comprised in what all men, in the possession of reason, may understand. False religions may extol the importance of mysteries; but there is no mystery in the true. Christ came into the world to reveal to us what we could not otherwise have discovered, but not that which, if revealed, we could not understand. Whatever communications the Deity shall condescend to make to man, we may be assured, that those communications will be such, and only such, as it is important for him to know; and, consequently, such as are within his capacity to understand. In order to exercise our hopes, our affections, and our trust, his communications may, in some instances, as in those which relate to a future existence, exceed the stretch of our present apprehensions; but he will never require us to believe what implies a contradiction in terms, and which is contrary to the clearest deductions of the reason which he gave us. Without obscuring my pages with mysterious ambiguities, my endeavour has been to shew the christian doctrine in it's primitive simplicity, unmixed with the errors of superstition or the corruptions of false philosophy; and I trust that, if these pages should have the good fortune to be perused either by Jews, Turks, or infidels, of whatever denomination, they will serve to subvert their antichristian antipathies, and to impress them not only with admiration of the natural loveliness but with a devout sense of the divine original of christianity. The objections of the gainsayer are never levelled so much at the genuine doctrine or moral precepts of the gospel, as against the numerous corruptions and absurdities with which it has been blended in the lapse

of ages by artifice or folly; and which, though they have been stoutly defended by the ignorant, the credulous, and the intolerant, of all churches and all creeds, will be found, on a serious perusal of these volumes, to have made no part of those truths in the belief and practice of which Christ placed the conditions of salvation.

"Those opinions which we conceive to be intimately connected with our salvation and the salvation of others it is our duty to avow without fear and to support without inconstancy. In the present work, in which I am not conscious that I have disguised one conviction of my mind or one persuasion of my heart, I have exercised that right of private judgment which appears to me to be unalienably inherent in the ministers of every protestant communion; and which I trust that there is too much liberality of sentiment and too much love of toleration in the church of England ever to withhold from any of her children.

"Truth can never flourish without and can never be injured by freedom of discussion. Discussion may, indeed, expose the futility of error; but it can only serve to manifest the stability of truth. And, in religious disquisitions, what is it but truth which we seek or which is worth the seeking?

"It is our duty to endeavour to divest ourselves of all attachment to the dogmas of any particular sect of christians, except so far as our reason and our conscience tell us that they are agreeable to the authority of Christ. Christ has told us, in matters of religion, to call no man master upon earth; and, in matters of religion, we should bow to no authority but that of Christ. Whatever Christ has told us to believe should form an article of our faith, however difficult it may seem; and whatever he has told us to practise we should endeavour to make the rule of our conduct, however adverse it may be to our present interests or inclinations.

"When our ancestors separated from the church of Rome, they determined that 'the Scripture was the only rule of faith;' and this sovereign truth they expressed in the sixth article of our establishment, in which they say, that 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that, whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation.' This clear and explicit declaration affords a demonstrative proof that subscription to the articles was never designed by the framers themselves to invalidate the right or supersede the exercise of private judgment. For, if nothing be required to be believed or be thought necessary to salvation which is not read in or may be proved by Holy Scripture, then, certainly, not one of the articles themselves can be required to be believed, or was by the original framers designed to be believed, any farther than they are found, on examination, agreeable to Holy Scripture. And every minister of that church which denies the infallibility of the pope (art. xix.), asserts the fallibility of general councils (art. xxi.), and declares the Scripture to be the only rule of faith (art. vi.), fulfils his duty to God, and to the congregation of faithful men to which he belongs, who seeks for scriptural truths only in the Scriptures; and who presumes to differ from the doctrines deduced from those Scriptures in what are called the articles of his church, when those doctrines can be proved to have originated in mistake, and to have no foundation in those Scriptures from which they are professed to be deduced.

"It would contribute, in no small degree, to the security of the established church, it would remove one principal topic of reproach from it's numerous opponents, it would tend to allay the virulence of religious animosity, and to produce an unity of affection, even where there is not an unity of sentiment, if parliament would interpose it's authority to grant a relief from subscription to articles, and to accept a general profession of faith in the truth of the christian revelation, instead of that subscription;* or, if the articles themselves

"* 'It is still a question (says Bishop Watson, who deserves the highest praise for his theological moderation) whether any christian church has a right to require from it's public teachers any other profession of faith than that of a

were reduced to a few simple propositions, scripturally expressed and clearly and unequivocally sanctioned by the scriptures. But, till this is effected, it behoves the clergy, without being in the least dismayed by the cry of heresy on one side or the charge of prevarication on the other, strenuously to vindicate that liberty with which Christ has made us free.

"Since the time of Archbishop Laud, when an arminian priesthood began to officiate in the church, notwithstanding the calvinistic complexion of the articles, the doctrine of original sin, though supported in the ninth article, has never been either believed or inculcated by, at least, nine tenths of the clergy of the established church. The same may be said of many other articles, which have been either openly impugned or tacitly denied by many bishops and dignitaries of the establishment, and by numbers of the inferior clergy, who have shed a lustre on the society to which they belonged by their erudition and their virtues. And this freedom of discussion and liberty of dissent, which are expressly authorized by the sixth article, and which it has been the uniform practice of the church not to contravene, constitute one of the brightest features in her character, and have greatly contributed to increase our knowledge of the christian doctrine. Had the church of England, adopting a less liberal and enlightened policy, hurled her anathemas and levelled her persecutions against all those who supported any tenet which was at all adverse to any one of those complex propositions which are called the articles of the church, our Taylors, our Barrows, our Tillotsons, our Clarkes, our Jefferys, our Hoadleys, our Jortins, and our Newcomes, and, in short, the whole galaxy of our best divines, must have sought a refuge among the members of a different communion; and our pulpits, at this moment, instead of being filled with a wise, an inquisitive, and liberal, would have been usurped by an ignorant, a bigoted, and intolerant, priesthood, who would have placed the essentials of religion rather in points of uncertain speculation than in the weighty obligations of truth, of justice, and of charity. But when the church of England got rid of one pope, it never intended to raise up thirty-nine in his place; but what would the thirty-nine articles be but thirty-nine popes, if, instead of the Scriptures being their expositors, they were made the infallible expositors of the Scriptures? But that we are not a popish, under the name of a protestant, communion, is evident from the sixth article, which clearly states the Scriptures to be the only true rule of faith, and from the uniform practice of the church, of which the most wise and most righteous members have never shewn any other deference to the authority of the articles, than as far as they have, on fair examination, believed those articles to be sanctioned by the authority of the Scriptures. Whether we be arminians or calvinists, presbyterians, methodists, or independents, or to whatever sect or communion we may adhere, we belong to the universal church of Christ*

belief in the Bible, as containing a revelation from God. It is still a question, whether, granting the abstract right, the use of it be expedient in any degree, and to what degree, in the present condition of the church of England.' Watson's Tracts, 2d edit. vol. vi. the third page from the end. Whatever minister shall strenuously exert his talents and his influence to effect this necessary measure will in the highest degree promote the interests of religion, and render the most important service to his country.

"* We are all called in Scripture, members of one body, of which Christ is the head; for 'the head of every man is Christ.' 1 Cor. xi. 3. However numerous and diversified may be the denominations into which christians are distributed, they are all parts of the same church; 'for as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that (one) body, though many, are one body—so is Christ also' (1 Cor. xii. 12.), or the christian universe; of which, though there be many particular divisions, there is an unity of connection with and dependence on one and the same head, and which ought to produce an unity of affection among the subordinate parts. As many members, though destined for different uses and performing different functions, constitute only one body (see 1 Cor. xii. 14.), so many particular societies, notwithstanding the diversity of their opinions, constitute only one church.

before we belong to any particular church; and the allegiance which is due from us to the authority of Christ is superior to that which we owe to the rules of any particular society. If we be members of any corporate body, we are bound to observe the municipal laws and ordinances of that body, as long as they do not interfere with the laws of the sovereign, whose authority is superior to that of any inferior association. But we are, certainly, never to disobey the sovereign, in order that we may more punctually observe the decrees of the corporation. In religious as well as in civil matters, we are not to deviate from our allegiance to a superior in order to preserve it unimpaired to an inferior authority; we are not to violate a greater duty in order to fulfil a less; we are not to disobey the precepts of Christ, in order to comply with the injunctions or adhere to the forms of any particular church. When we become members of any particular church, as of the church of England or the kirk of Scotland, we do not cease to be members of the universal church of Christ; in whose bosom all particular churches are included, and to whose statutes, which are contained in the writings of the New Covenant, the dogmas of any particular church must be considered as subordinate, and no more binding on the conscience of it's members than as far as they are consistent with, or, at least, are not repugnant to, the legislative sovereignty of Christ. As we are christians, we cannot, without treason to our Spiritual King, who is the Head of the church, bow in any matters of religious opinion to the authority of men, where the reverence which is demanded of us is at all derogatory to that implicit obedience which we owe to the authority of Christ.

"I wish that christian churches, which are all members of one body and dependent on one head, would pay that attention to these remarks which I am willing, and I hope not presumptuously, to believe that they deserve; they would then, I trust, become less peremptory in their determinations, and less exclusive in the form and spirit of their constitutions; there would be more simplicity and charity in their worship; instead of pronouncing, with dogmatical positiveness, on matters of doubtful opinion, they would leave them doubtful as they found them, without requiring an unconditional assent to that which, instead of being capable of a direct proof, must, from the defect of evidence and the obscurity of the subject, remain involved in endless perplexity and exposed to continual litigation. If all christians, instead of restricting their attachment to the tenets and the ceremonies of their particular sect, and considering those tenets and those ceremonies as alone entitled to their affection and their reverence, would consider themselves, in their mutual relationship, as scattered parts of the same society, and constituting only one church, under the supremacy of Christ, that selfish and sectarian spirit which now separates one communion from another would vanish in a comprehensive feeling of mutual charity, 'till we all come to the same faith in the Son of God, and to the same knowledge of him to a perfect man, to the measure of the full stature of Christ.'* Eph. iv. 13. If this work, by spreading purer notions of the christian doctrine, and diffusing a more benign and liberal spirit among contending sects, shall, in any degree, forward the accomplishment of this great event, which is so devoutly to be desired, I shall be amply repaid for the many studious and thoughtful hours which I have employed in the execution."† p. xxiv.

The work divides itself into seven parts, each including a portion of the life of Christ; and the notes, which are very copious, must have been collected with great care and industry. We add the three concluding sections,

"* Archbishop Newcome's Version.

"† I had once intended to have annexed to this work a volume of moral, philosophical, and theological, dissertations, in some of which I had attempted to prove the divine original of christianity from the suitableness of the doctrine to the present constitution of man and the moral government of the world; but the renewal of the war has induced me to postpone such a publication to a period more favourable to calm discussion than is likely to be found amid the din of arms and the terrors of invasion.

as a fair specimen of the manner and spirit in which it is executed.'

" SECTION 154.

" *Jesus' Appearance on a Mountain in Galilee.*

TIME. A. D. 33. Between the eighth and the fortieth day after the resurrection.—PLACE. A mountain in Galilee.

" The eleven disciples went to Galilee, to a mountain (80) where Jesus had appointed them. And when they saw him, they did obeisance to him (81); but some had doubted (82).*

" And Jesus came near, and spake unto them, saying, ' All power (83) is given unto me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all nations (84), baptizing them in the name of the Father (85), and of the Son, and of the

" (80) ' To a mountain.' Probably Mount Tabor, on which he had been transfigured. On this occasion, as we learn from St. Paul, 1 Cor. xv. 6. our Lord appeared ' to more than five hundred of the brethren at once.' Our Lord had, no doubt, previously acquainted the apostles with the place and time of this meeting, and who assembled from all parts those among his numerous disciples who were most competent to bear testimony to the truth of his resurrection.

" (81) ' Did obeisance to him.' Newcome thus rightly translates *prosekunesan autō*, which implies humble reverence, rather than religious adoration. They rendered to Jesus that homage which they felt due to him as the Messiah and King, the Representative of God's will and the express Image of his perfections.

" (82) ' Some had doubted;' *oi de edistasan*; quidam vero addubitaverant. Grotius—' Some had doubted;' that is, previous to this manifestation of our Lord; but were now convinced. Those who had doubted seem to have been some of the disciples who did not credit the testimony of the apostles respecting the truth of the resurrection.

" (83) ' All power,' &c. St. Paul says of Jesus, that ' he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; on which account, God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name;' or, unspeakable majesty and power. Phil. ii. 8. St. Peter tells the Jews, on the day of Pentecost, ' God has made that Jesus whom you have crucified both Lord and Christ.' Acts ii. 36. In this passage, our Lord means, ' All power is given to me, as Messiah, in heaven and in earth;' and our Lord, as appears from the following injunction, ' Go ye,' &c. particularly means that dominion over the minds and hearts of men, in all the nations of the earth which his doctrine would ultimately establish in spite of every opposition. He therefore urges his disciples strenuously to propagate a religion which was to be so powerfully supported, which was to be universally prevalent, and to continue till the end of time.

(84) ' All nations;' without any distinctions of Jew or Gentile. But it is plain, from the subsequent conduct of the apostles, as it is related in the Acts, that they confined the signification of these words, ' all nations,' to the Jews, who were dispersed among the nations; nor were their prejudices on this point entirely subdued till after the baptism of Cornelius, when the thick darkness of Jewish intolerance was dispelled from their minds, and, animated by the true spirit of benevolence, they discerned that God was no respecter of persons, but that, in every nation, those ' who worked righteousness ' were accepted of him. See Acts x. 34, 35.

" (85) ' Of the Father,' &c. Baptism is the prescribed form of initiation into the christian church. To baptize, therefore, any person in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, means to initiate him into that religion of which God was the Author, of which his Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, was the earthly Founder (and will be for ever, under God, the sovereign Head—see 1 Cor. xv. 25—28.), and of which the Holy Spirit of God co-operated in the first preaching, by various miraculous operations, and who still continues to sanctify the hearts of all earnest seekers after righteousness. When we are baptized in the name of

" * Mat. xxviii. 16, 17.

Holy Spirit; teaching them (86) to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo! I am with you (87) always to the end of the age (88).'*

"SECTION 155.

"*Jesus' Ascension.*

"TIME. A. D. 33. Thursday, the fortieth day after the resurrection.—PLACE. Bethany.

"And he led them out to Bethany (89), and lifted up his hands (90) and blessed them. And it came to pass, that, while he blessed them (91), he was parted from them and carried up into heaven,* and sat on the right hand of God.† And, while they looked earnestly toward heaven, as he went up, behold! two men stood by them in white apparel; who also said, 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus who is taken up from you into heaven shall so come again in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven.'‡ And they did him obeisance (92), and returned to Jerusalem (93) with great joy, and were continually in the temple, praising and blessing God.§ And they went forth, and preached every where; the Lord working with them, and confirming the word by signs following.¶

"SECTION 156.

"*St. John's Conclusion.*

"Now Jesus did many other signs in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book; but these are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God (94); and that, believing, ye

the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit, we profess to believe in God, as Supreme, in Jesus, as the Messiah, a Priest, a Prophet, and a King, and in the Holy Spirit, as a Sanctifier and a Guide.

"(86) 'Teaching them,' &c. Our Lord commands his apostles to teach nothing as essentially necessary to be practised, or as morally binding on the consciences of men which he had not previously taught as necessary and inculcated as obligatory in his parables and discourses. I cannot here refrain from adding a remark of the sober theologian whom I have so often quoted, that 'the gospel would have received great recommendation and advantage, if it's teachers had constantly observed this rule.' Abp. Newcome. Now, let me calmly ask the sturdy champions for mysterious creeds and systems—Did our Lord, in his parables and discourses, as they are faithfully recorded by the evangelists, ever inculcate such doctrines as original sin, imputed righteousness, or vicarious punishment?

"(87) 'I am with you,' &c. I shall be no longer visibly or corporeally present with you, but still vigilantly intent on your good, and spiritually active in promoting it.

"(88) 'End of the age.' 'To the conclusion of the dispensation introduced by me.' Newcome.

"(89) 'To Bethany.' A part or district of Mount Olivet which went by that name; the spot which had been the scene of our Lord's deepest anguish, and which was now made that of his greatest glory. The persons present at the ascension were the eleven disciples, and, perhaps, as some think, the hundred and twenty mentioned Acts i. 15.

"(90) 'Lifted up his hands' to heaven, in fervent supplication, invoking the Father to bless them with every thing most conducive to their temporal and eternal welfare.

"(91) 'While he blessed,' &c. He was taken up to heaven in the very act of blessing them. Such was the conclusion of his ministry—such the consummation of his life of love!

"(92) 'Obeisance.' The devout homage of their reverence, their gratitude, and love, as the Messiah and King.

"(93) 'To Jerusalem.' See Acts i. 12.

"(94) 'That Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.' The doctrine and the miracles of Jesus were recorded by the evangelists principally to prove and confirm this great truth, that 'Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.' Such was the plain, the unsophisticated, and simple, confession of faith

"* Mat. xxviii. 18—20.

"* Luke xxiv. 50, 51. † Mark xvi. 19. ‡ Acts i. 10, 11. § Luke xxiv. 52, 53. ¶ Mark xvi. 20.

may have life through his name."* vol. iii. p. 258.

required by the apostles; and it would have been well for the peace and happiness of mankind, and for the increase of true righteousness and godliness in the world, if christian societies had never required any other. But the original simplicity of the christian faith has been perplexed or lost in a multiplicity of articles and a confusion of creeds, which, instead of improving the morals, have only inflamed the passions of men and given rise to endless disputations. May this book contribute to promote more rational notions, and to inspire a better spirit, in the Christian world! I have written it only with that view; and I trust that there is not a sentiment contained in it which can justly give occasion for any reproach on my integrity when living or on my memory when dead.

" ROBERT FELLOWES.

" * John xx. 30, 31.

XL. THE WICCAMICAL CHAPLET; *a Selection of Original Poetry: comprising smaller Poems, serious and comic, classical Trifles, Sonnets, Inscriptions and Epitaphs, Songs and Ballads, Mock Heroics, Epigrams, Fragments, &c. &c. Edited by* GEO. HUDDESFORD. *sm.* 8*vo.* 230 *pages.* 6*s. Leigh and Sotheby.*

THIS neat and varied selection of poetry, dedicated to Mr. Addington, would afford many extracts: the following will suit the critical times in which we live.

THE

" LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

" *A Prize Poem at Oxford*, 1771.

" Poor is his triumph, and disgrac'd his name,
Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame.
For him, though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Though fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade.
For him, no pray'rs are pour'd, no pœans sung,
No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue:
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
The curse of widows and the orphan's tear
Cry to high heav'n for vengeance on his crimes.
The pious muse, who, to succeeding times,
Unknowing flattery, and unknown to kings,
Fair virtue only and her votaries sings,
Shall shew the Monster in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake or a storm.

" Not so the patriot chief, who dar'd withstand
The base invader of his native land;
Who made her weal his noblest, only, end;
Rul'd, but to serve her; fought, but to defend;
Her voice in council, and in war her sword;
Lov'd as her father, as her God ador'd;
Who, firmly virtuous and severely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not save!
On worth like his, the muse delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph or defeat;
Crowns with true glory and with spotless fame,
And honours Paoli's more than Cæsar's name.

" Here let the muse withdraw the blood-stain'd veil,
And shew the boldest son of public zeal:
Lo! Sydney, pleading o'er the block! his mien,
His voice, his hand, unshaken, clear, serene;
Yet no harangue, proudly declaim'd aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward croud—
No specious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
Still death delaying, as afraid to die—
But sternly silent down he bow'd, and prov'd
A calm, firm, martyr to the cause he lov'd.
Unconquer'd patriot! form'd by ancient lore
The love of ancient freedom to restore;

Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And seal'd, by death, the lesson that he taught.

" Dear is the tye that links the anxious sire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;
Dear is the love that prompts the grateful youth
His sire's fond cares and drooping age to sooth;
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife,
Dear all the charities of social life;
Nor wants firm friendship holy wreaths to bind
In mutual sympathy the faithful mind;
But not th' endearing springs that fondly move
To filial duty or parental love;
Not all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
Nor all in friendship's holy wreaths entwin'd;
Are half so dear, so potent, to controul
The gen'rous workings of the patriot soul,
As is that holy voice that cancels all
These ties, that bids him for his country fall.

" Nor yet doth glory, though her port be bold,
Her aspect radiant, and her tresses gold,
Guide through the walks of death alone her car,
Attendant only on the din of war;
She ne'er disdains the gentle vale of peace,
Or olive shades of philosophic ease,
Where heav'n-taught minds to woo the muse resort,
Create in colours, or in sounds transport;
Where youths court science, or where sages teach,
Where statesmen plan, where mitred fathers preach;
More pleas'd on Isis' silent marge to roam
Than bear in pomp the spoil of battles home.

" To read, with Newton's ken, the starry sky,
And God the same in all his orbs descry;
To lead forth merit from her humble shade,
Extend to rising arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice structure of the gen'rous law,
That holds the free-born soul in willing awe;
To swell the sail of trade, the barren plain
To bid with fruitage blush, and wave with grain;
O'er pale misfortune drop, with anxious sigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe affliction's eye;
These, these, are deeds Britannia must approve,
Must nurse their growth with all a parent's love;
These are the deeds that public virtue owns,
And, just to public virtue, glory crowns." p. 10.

Of the translations from the Greek, take that on health.

" Hail, venerable deity,
Health! O let me live with thee!
Let me with thee life's remnant spend,
Thou, my companion, guest, and friend!
If aught of pleasure here below
Or wealth or empire can bestow;
Or pledges of the nuptial joys,
Sweet smiling offspring, girls and boys;
If aught in love delightful prove,
The young desires and thefts of love;
If interchange of rest and toil
The rugged cares of life beguile;
Or any other bliss be given,
The grateful boon of bounteous heaven;
All, all, from thee their zest derive,
In thee they flourish, bloom, and live:
Without thee, mirth's an empty theme,
And happiness an airy dream." p. 49.

Among the sonnets, we find this—

" TO AN OAK

" *Blown down by the Wind.*

" Thou who, unmov'd, hast heard the whirlwind chide
Full many a winter round thy craggy bed,
And, like an earth-born giant, hast outspread
Thy hundred arms, and heaven's own bolts defied,
Now liest along thy native mountain's side,
Uptorn; yet deem not that I come to shed
The idle drops of pity o'er thy head,
Or basely to insult thy blasted pride;—
No—still 'tis thine, though fall'n, imperial Oak!
To teach this lesson to the wise and brave;—
That 'tis much better, overthrown and broke,
In freedom's cause, to sink into the grave,

Than, in submission to a tyrant's yoke,
Like the vile reed, to bow and be a slave." p. 80.

The songs present us with the following:

"MUTUAL LOVE.

"When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life!
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss:
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroy'd.
Some sweet sensation, ever new,
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish?—'tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish?—'tis all for me.
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise, and cares will come,
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my Fair?—
I bid her sigh out all her care
And lose it in my breast." p. 112.

To these we might have added the Elegy on Dr. Gregory of Edinburgh; but we are prevented by the limits of our work.

XLI. ADDRESSES TO YOUNG MEN. *By* JOSHUA TOULMIN, D.D. 12*mo.* 200 *pages.* 2*s.* 6*d. Johnson.*

THESE excellent addresses are on Sober-Mindedness, Religion, Pursuit of Knowledge, Company, Conversation, Sympathy towards the Sex, and on Application to a Trade and Profession. We present the reader with the spirited conclusion of the first address.

"Allow me to press it upon you to be sober-minded. It will be your wisdom and your happiness.

"Ye are apt to entertain an high opinion of the vigour of your powers and the strength of your understandings. But can that wisdom ye would be thought to possess really dwell with giddiness, with conceit, with rashness, and with vicious passions?—then the freaks of an ape may indicate the reason of a man; and the gross delights of the brute bear the marks of an indwelling angel. Judge ye—are not solid thought, humble diffidence, a wary, cautious, conduct, and disciplined passions, the genuine offspring of wisdom, and the true proofs of understanding? Ye are pleased with the imagination that you are advancing to or have attained the period of manhood, and have left the boy and child behind:—act, then, the man, and shew that your reason as well as stature have reached it's maturity. Otherwise, you will have exchanged the weaknesses of the child for more absurd follies, and the amusements of the boy for more pernicious pleasures. Otherwise, what you may deem the state of maturity is only the advance of folly and the growth of passion. Cultivate sober-mindedness; then reason will display it's power, exert it's influence, and shew that ye are indeed become men. Flattering distinction! honourable prerogative! Aim to support this pre-eminence; you will command respect and esteem, and wear the laurels of wisdom.

"But, again, be sober-minded in order to enjoy true pleasures—the pleasures of the mind, flowing from well-regulated desires, from order and peace preserved through the frame, from the subordination of appetite and the dominion of reason; above all, from the consciousness of doing well, and the kindred consciousness of deserving well from mankind; from self-applause and a good name. Be grave—your's will be the satisfactions that arise from acting with dignity, and being sensible that a beauty and decorum adorn your deportment. Be humble and modest—your's will be the satisfactions which flow from meeting with the respect you seem to avoid, from enjoying the friendship of those to whom by engaging manners you are endeared, and from following the counsels dictated by the wisdom which age and experience have formed. Be prudent and discreet—your's will be the satisfactions which grow out of being provided for most events, and from your affairs

being conducted to an happy and prosperous issue. Be temperate and chaste—your's will be the pure delights of innocence shared with the innocent; your natural appetites will be preserved in vigour; your enjoyments will not leave you satiated and disgusted; your repeated indulgences will be heightened by a new relish for them. Moderation and virtuous pursuits will leave you something still to enjoy; and the intervals between the moments of pleasure will be so agreeably diversified, as not to suffer the alloys of listlessness and lanquor. Solomon had tried the utmost which sensuality was capable of affording, and he solemnly declares all to be 'vanity and vexation of spirit.' But who, after a confirmed experience, ever declared the same concerning regular virtue and sobriety of manners? Would you then exhilarate your hearts with pure delight, and are you votaries for pleasure?—Wisdom saith, 'mine are the ways of serenity and peace;' and sobriety adds eth, 'mine are the ways of health, long life, and felicity.'

"As for him whom neither the reputation of wisdom invites nor the forms of true perpetual bliss allure—I will address him in the pointed and awakening words of Solomon: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thine heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart and in the sight of thine eyes—but know, thou, that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment!'" p. 22.

XLII. LETTERS ON THE STUDY AND USE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN HISTORY: *containing Observations and Reflections on the Causes and Consequences of those Events which have produced conspicuous Changes in the Aspect of the World and the General State of Human Affairs. By* JOHN BIGLAND, *Author of Reflections on the Resurrection and Ascension.* 12mo.

(Concluded from page 166.*)*

THE limits of our miscellany not allowing the completion of Letter II in our last, we now present to the reader what remained to be inserted of it.

"To derive instruction and pleasure from history, the reader must examine, reflect, and compare; and must likewise possess a feeling heart. The man who cannot feel another's woe, who cannot be affected with emotions of pity in contemplating the misfortunes of his fellow-mortals, who cannot place himself in their situation and consider in what manner he should have thought, felt, and acted, in the same circumstances, does not possess a frame of mind adapted to the study of history, such, at least, as we have it; for, in the manner in which all ancient and the greatest part of modern history is written, almost every page contains a tragedy.

"When you have pondered these reflections in your mind, and examined their justness and propriety, I doubt not but they will meet with your approbation. In the mean while, a more agreeable field of speculation is ready to open itself to our view. At present, I shall conclude, with assuring you, that, with every sentiment of respect and esteem,

p. 17. "I am, &c.

We are tempted to add the concluding pages of the work.

"Whether the Creator and Supreme Disposer of all, who, in filling up the immensity of his plan, peopled the earth with various orders of beings, from man down to the lowest insect, has, in his infinite wisdom, thought proper to distinguish different nations and races of men by a different measure of intellectual powers, we, who see human nature modified and influenced by a thousand external and adventitious circumstances, are not competent to determine. It is almost equally difficult to conceive in what degree physical circumstances may operate on the mental faculties of the inhabitants of different climates. If we contemplate, and compare the ancient and present state of Italy and Greece, as well as of all the nations of modern Europe, and make just reflections of the decline of Grecian literature and Roman valour, as well as on the extraordinary advancement of the formerly barbarous nations of

Europe, in every species of intellectual improvement, it will appear that the faculties of the human mind are much more strongly influenced, and it's progress in knowledge more decidedly determined, by moral than physical circumstances. In regard to bodily strength and constitution, physical causes may probably have a more powerful influence. The inhabitants of the southerly climates are generally described as inferior in strength and courage to those of the more northern countries; but, notwithstanding this general representation, a number of exceptions must be admitted. Perhaps the generality of the case may be called in question; and it is far from being certain that the people of Africa and some of the southern parts of Asia are inferior in bodily strength to the Europeans and northern Asiatics. It is, however, certain, that warm climates relax the springs of action, and render the inhabitants less inclined to vigorous exertions of either body or mind. The wealth and abundance generally furnished by the luxuriant soil and genial climate of the southern regions are often supposed to have given the natives a taste for luxury; but this is certainly an erroneous hypothesis; the nations of the south do not live more but less luxuriously than those of the north; their luxury is of a different cast, and more tinctured with effeminacy and indolence—this is imagined to be the true reason why the southern nations have so often been conquered by those of the north. It may, indeed, be remarked, that the greatest and most remarkable migrations of the human race have been made from the northern towards the southern regions, and that the latter have commonly fallen a prey to the northern conquerors; whereas the people of warmer climates have never, in any one instance, extended their conquests very far to the north. Neither the Babylonians, the Persians, nor the Saracens, the most southerly of any of the great conquering nations mentioned in history, ever proceeded far to the northward; but it must also be considered, that they had no inducement to carry their arms that way. The northern nations had many and strong inducements to migrate and seek for conquest and riches in the pleasant, fertile, and wealthy, countries of the south; but the people of those countries could have no temptation to allure them into the impervious wildernesses and morasses of the northern regions; and this may probably be one reason why the northern nations were never conquered by those of the south, and which may have operated as powerfully in that respect as the supposed inferiority of strength and courage and other martial qualifications, in the people of the southern climates.

"If we could clearly see all the different combinations of circumstances which have, through a succession of ages, diversified and determined the condition of nations, we should, perhaps, find that a train of moral causes, forming themselves into an infinity of combinations and operating with an infinite variety of influences, has determined the degree of intellectual perfection to which they can reach, as well as the place they must hold in the political scale, and that no essential physical difference between the different nations into which the human species is divided exists; but that all seeming distinction of that kind, all apparent intellectual pre-eminence or inferiority, depend upon a combination of causes, under the direction of that providence which has marked out the course of human affairs, and set both to nations and individuals their bounds, which they cannot pass.

"In taking a retrospective view of the long revolution of ages, filled by the successive generations of mankind, and contemplating the variegated scene of human existence, the mind is astonished at the wonderful exhibition, and cannot refrain from making serious reflections on the transitory state of all sublunary things. When we contemplate the subversion of empires, the fall of conquerors, the extinction of their families, and the inefficacy of all their projects and performances, we perceive the short-lived nature of all the objects of human ambition. The kings, the heroes, and conquerors, of antiquity, are no more; their very bones are long ago reduced to dust, and their names, which are all that is left of them in this world, are only an empty sound. Their posterity is either long since

extinct, or their descendants are mixed with the great mass of the vulgar, undistinguished and unknown. Many lineal descendents of the most celebrated personages of antiquity are among the number of poor labourers and mechanics of the present day; and while their progenitors bore rule over mankind, the ancestors of the princes, the philosophers, and literati, of the modern world were leading a wandering and savage life in the immense wildernesses of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Poland, and Germany; countries which were all in a state of barbarism while Greece and Rome were flourishing in arts and arms, and in the meridian of their glory. So completely has all human power been overturned, that one of the most celebrated writers of the last century says, that not one family can be found, either in Rome or any other part of Italy, which can with certainty trace it's genealogy from the ancient Romans.—Such are the vicissitudes of this ever-changing scene, exhibited on the moral theatre of the world.

"The philosopher who takes a retrospective view of the history of mankind, and contemplates, with a spirit of observation and reflection, the complicated and interesting drama of human existence, throughout all it's successive and variegated scenes, from the earliest period of historical record to the present day, will, perhaps, find no difficulty in perceiving that imperious circumstances fix the destiny of nations and of individuals; that various combinations of physical and moral causes, incalculably numerous and extremely complex, determine the political, religious, intellectual, and social, condition of mankind; that all things concur to the accomplishment of one vast and mysterious plan; and that the history of human affairs and the history of divine providence are essentially the same.

"These observations and reflections on the history of our species are offered to your consideration, by an affectionate friend, at your own request; and you will undoubtedly make this further reflection on the vicissitudes of sublunary things—that, however exalted the station of any individual may be, or however extensive and conspicuous his sphere of action, it's duration is extremely short; and that the revolution of a few years puts an end to all artificial distinctions, and places the high and the low, the rich and the poor, the victor and the vanquished, on the same level. And you will be ready to make this conclusion, that, as in a dramatic representation, it is of little consequence to the actors which of them appears in the character of the prince, or which in that of the peasant, since all are equal as soon as the play is ended, so it is an affair of trifling importance what part we are destined to perform in the drama of human life: the great point of consequence to us is, how our respective parts are acted." p. 515.

XLIII. ESSAYS, *Literary, Political, and Œconomical. By* JOHN GARDINER, M.D. 8*vo.* 2 *vols.* 500 *pages each.* 16*s. Longman and Rees.*

THESE curious essays have for their subjects—the Origin of Language; Different Races of Men; Formation of the Minds of Children; Population; Government; Literature; Commerce; and the Arts. They consist of a series of connected and numbered paragraphs, not easily affording extracts: we shall take some curious short articles from the appendix to the second volume.

"THE EDUCATION AND QUALIFICATIONS OF A STATESMAN.

"To prove this observation, let us take a short view of what ought to be the preliminary studies and education of the youth whose abilities and ambition to excel give the greatest expectation of his becoming, in some future period, a leading member in the legislative assembly of his country. This should commence with the study of languages, philosophy, the civil and municipal laws, in some reputable university, or under the best masters for these several branches of literature. He ought to be well informed in ancient and modern history: he should be particularly acquainted with the different governments of Europe, their powers, their connexions

with one another, and their natural interests. This may be learned by reading and the conversation of intelligent men who have lived in these several countries, but is best obtained by travelling and a residence for some time at each court. The most indispensible study, however, of a British statesman is, the laws of his own country, a complete knowledge of the forms, usages, and privileges, of parliament, and prerogatives of the crown, and an intimate acquaintance with the abilities, interests, foibles, and connexions, of the leading men in opposition to the minister in both houses. All this will be of no avail, without that self-command so absolutely necessary to a statesman in office, when unexpectedly attacked with severity; for in proportion to the calmness with which he can attend, even to abuse, will be his advantage over his adversary.

"But the preliminary education and qualifications just mentioned are not sufficient, of themselves, to form a great statesman; they must be combined with an extensive capacity, great vigour of mind, habits of application to business, a methodical allotment of time, with a clear and quick perception of the propriety, necessity, advantages, and disadvantages, of what may be proposed in parliament, by himself or others, for the public good. Besides, negociations with foreign powers often require particular talents and qualifications: sometimes they are of a simple nature and easily settled; at other times, they are intricate, and of so delicate a nature, as to require an exact scrutiny into the claims and pretensions on both sides, before a complete view of the plan on which they ought to proceed can be fixed. Though the principles on which statesmen pretend to negociate with foreign courts are those of equity, justice, and the law of nations, paying a regard to the usages of countries in particular cases, yet the address which ministers shew in foreign negociations may, for the most part, be held as the measure of their abilities. It must, however, be freely acknowledged, that this outline of the preliminary studies, the natural and acquired endowments, necessary to form a statesman, is very imperfect, as every epitome must be, of a subject so extensive. I mean not, by these remarks, exactly to define the qualifications of a first minister, a subject which I find myself incapable of prosecuting with any tolerable degree of satisfaction. I wish rather to show, that the talents and qualifications necessary to the formation of such a character as I have attempted to delineate can be found in very few men in any state.

"ON THE USES OF POETRY, WHEN ABOVE MEDIOCRITY.

"These works of imagination, when above mediocrity, are often, from a happy turn of expression and the wit they contain, calculated to amuse and to give pleasure to the reader. Sometimes, the mind is raised to a degree of astonishment, rapture, and delight, by the brilliant fancy of the author, in his descriptions of nature, delineations of the passions, and by the justness of the metaphors and allegories. If, in the perusal of poetry, the understanding is not enlarged, the fancy and imagination are, at least, improved; if our ideas are not increased, they are often, at least, by some happy expression, rendered more distinct: we eagerly catch at the picture from some beautiful and natural description; and all the passions are, by turns, excited according to the nature of the subject. These emotions are all of the pleasurable kind; and the mind is often affected in a similar manner as with the harmony and melody of music.

"In the study of such performances, our taste is, perhaps, improved and refined. A persevering indulgence in contemplating the beauties of ancient and modern poets produces a propensity to poetry, but seldom makes a poet, which requires peculiar talents. Moral sentences, general maxims, proverbial sayings, the various characters of men, with something applicable to almost every subject of contemplation, conversation, or dispute, are to be found in poets, and written in so forcible a manner, as to strike the imagination more powerfully than if expressed in simple prose. Many of these striking passages are committed to memory, and sometimes cited as authorities with advantage; for, if not used too frequently, which savours of the pedant, they give an

elegance to composition, declamation, and even enliven our conversation. Our improvement in the languages in which ancient and modern poets have written is a benefit, not the least considerable, that accrues from the perusal of them. These are, however, so far as I can recollect, the chief advantages to be derived from the study of poetry. Notwithstanding the fictions of poets, if we except some birds, man alone is endued with a musical ear; at least, he possesses it in a superior degree to all other animals. There is such an affinity between music and poetry, that we find them, in the most early ages, and even in nations where great civilization had taken place, always conjoined. For prose composition was not known in Greece till the time of Pherecydes of Syros, the master of Pythagoras, and Cadmus of Miletus, who flourished only five hundred and forty-four years before Christ. Prior to this period, and for a considerable time after, poetry was used universally as the record of history, ethics, and what might be called the belles lettres of the times. This was so much the practice of the ancient Greeks, that the name of an eminent poet conveyed the idea of a person who understood all the learning of the age; and to obtain the prize in the musical contests was equivalent to the glory of being declared superior to the rest of mankind in mental abilities and endowments.

"It is equally certain, that, before the invention of writing, or in countries where it was not known, historical facts were transmitted to posterity in poems. The measure and harmony of the verse gave not only a facility of recording it in the memory, but, in a great degree, prevented those interpolations and mistakes to which prose must always be subjected. It is to this circumstance we must ascribe the preservation of many ancient poems, not only in Greece, but, perhaps, in all parts of the world. A stronger proof of this cannot be given than the preservation of the poems of Ossian in the Highlands of Scotland, without the assistance of manuscript; for many who sung or recited some of these poems could neither read nor write their own language. The transmission, however, of these poems from parents to children, or from one generation to another, for upwards of sixteen hundred years, is a circumstance scarcely to be paralleled in the history of any other country in the world.

"Mankind, in general, are naturally inclined to solace their hours of labour by singing of sonnets; and, in their hours of festivity, the song goes round, each singing, according to his humour, the comic, historical, war, or love, song. No nation, I am acquainted with, is more addicted to this kind of amusement than the inhabitants of the Highlands of Scotland; to which they are induced by their social, cheerful, disposition, the long evenings in the winter, and, till of late, the want of manufactures to employ those hours which were given up to mirth. The sequestered situation of that country, the inhabitants remaining pure and unmixed, and their continuing to speak to this day nearly the same language that Fingal and Ossian spoke, have favoured exceedingly the traditional record of these poems. But the society of bards, which subsisted in the Highlands from the most ancient times to the last century, and whose education and profession was not only to compose poems, but to recite those of the ancient bards, has contributed more to the preservation of them than any other circumstance.

"These observations, and the great resort, at all times, to musical entertainments, show how congenial music and poetry are to man. It is unnecessary to mention the wonderful effects of music, or the universal passion of men for that delightful species of amusement. In ancient Greece, men of such eminence as would in the present times think themselves dishonoured by being ranked among musicians, performed their part at musical entertainments. The great Theban general, Epaminondas, is said to have sung admirably to the lute: and Themistocles, a few years before, was reputed to be deficient in good breeding, for having refused to play at an entertainment. The enjoyment of these performances is often so exquisite, that, from the rapturous excitement of the mind, long continued, the spirits of many of the hearers are, at the ceasing of the music, left below par. These pleasures are tempo-

rary, and continue only during the entertainment; for, if we except the exquisite ears of some musicians, who can recal to remembrance some remarkable passages, the whole is soon lost to most of the audience. It is otherwise with many of the ancient and modern poems of considerable length, that would lose their proper effects upon the mind, were they conjoined with music: they are better calculated for the closet, where alone their beauties can be contemplated. The pleasure, from the perusal of them, rises not so high as that from music and poetry conjoined; but it is more permanent and more useful; for no man of taste can read a classical poem, full of beautiful images, brilliant and just ideas, most aptly expressed, and truths unobserved till placed before him in a harmonious poetical language, without dwelling on those passages; which he endeavours to make his own, while he seems to converse with the author. This species of reading, however, is chiefly calculated for the entertainment of professional men in their vacant hours, for scholars by profession, and gentlemen of literature, they best comprehending the beauties of these poems. But the pleasure and advantages they receive from such a study are chiefly confined to themselves, unless when they become poets, and thereby contribute to the general amusement.

"SUPERIOR USES OF PHILOSOPHY AND THE ARTS.

"The improvement, however, we receive from the perusal and study of poetry is purely mental, and confined to the individual; and, as the rest of mankind are little benefited by it, poetry must, in point of utility, give place to the arts and sciences, which are of more general use. The latter are of slower growth, and are prosecuted by men whose minds have received from nature a different bias. The parts of the poet and dramatic writer of eminence are apparently more brilliant, from the brightness of their imagination and luxuriancy of their fancy. It is these qualifications that enable them to write such beautiful fictions, and adorn truth with such poetical language. The philosopher, on the other hand, contemplates, in his closet, the laws of nature, the properties of bodies, the results of combinations, the powers of mechanics; and meditates on new experiments for the investigation of some useful truth.

"The deep meditation in which those men are often engaged gives some of them a grave contemplative look, which they retain, in some degree, even in convivial societies. This must not be ascribed altogether to the influence of habit, which has so wonderful an effect on the countenances of men, but to a particular disposition of mind. This disposition, which, in some, requires so strong an impulse to move the risible faculties, is not peculiar to men of genius, for we see the most solemn faces, with the most limited capacities; the aspect of thoughtful investigation, however, is very different from the self-applauding gravity of vacant stupidity. Men of great learning and considerable parts are often men of great wit and humour; and those of the same class, who possess not these talents, enjoy such conversation, and seem as happy and cheerful as the humourist himself; but the wit must be elevated to their capacity, and not of the puerile kind. Well informed philosophers and artists, whose education in natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, geometry, mechanics, and the fine arts, gives them often a prescience in the results of experiments, are, when their pursuits are carried on with judgment and assiduity, the most useful class of men in any nation. It is to the progressive improvement and discoveries of these men, through many ages, we owe our present advanced state of mathematical learning, our knowledge in astronomy, the course of the planets, their distances from the sun, from one another, and some of the laws by which their motions are regulated. It is likewise to these men we are indebted for many inventions and improvements, in arts, mechanics, navigation, &c. and, of course, for the present flourishing state of our manufactures, commerce, and agriculture.

"ON THE ELECTRICAL FIRE, AS AN UNIVERSAL AGENT.

"The properties of the electric fire were but little known till the time of the illustrious Franklin, who,

by his decisive experiments, showed the identity of this fluid with lightning and the aurora borealis. Though the data afforded to philosophers on this subject by this great man have enabled them to enlarge our views of the nature and properties of the electrical fire, yet our knowledge on this head is still exceedingly imperfect. It has been supposed, in a cursory way, by some late authors, that the sun itself is a body of electrical fire; but no principles have been yet published on which the certainty of this doctrine can be proved. It seems not to me, however, improbable, that the dark body of the sun acts as a magnet on the electrical fluid, which it attracts from all parts of this universe that have a surplus quantity.* If we admit this as a fact, then the centripetal force of the sun and centrifugal force of the planets may be more distinctly explained and understood than at present. The sun's motion round it's axis is apparently what gives motion to the whole planetary system: this great body of electrical fire repelling each planet, according to the nature and properties of the matter of which it is composed, to a certain distance; and, by a seemingly opposite power of attraction, keeping them in the exact line of their orbits, similar to what is observed in some electrical experiments. If such a conjecture can be admitted, we must likewise suppose, that the earth's motion round it's axis, and in it's orbit round the sun, will have the same influence in giving motion to the moon round the earth, while the same attractive power forces the moon to follow the earth in it's circuit. If this doctrine shall be found true, it will account for the motions of the satellites of the more distant planets, and for the double ring of Saturn. We must then suppose the whole planets and satellites to be replete with electrical fire, or to contain such a quantity of it, in a latent or active state, as may correspond with the nature of their substance to produce these effects. We may then conjecture the comets, of whose nature and uses we are at present so ignorant, to be fetchers and carriers of electrical fire; thereby keeping up that equilibrium in the planetary system by which it subsists.

"That the electrical fluid is one of the most active principles in nature, cannot be disputed. I have long supposed it to be the cause of earthquakes, produced by an effort to restore the equilibrium of it's power; for no other force, yet known, can account so well for the great extent of an earthquake, felt in different regions of land and water, nearly at the same time, acting with more or less power, according to the distance from it's central force. As earthquakes sometimes terminate in the production of a volcano, or in the irruption of one that has long subsisted, it is not unreasonable to suppose streams of electrical fire to be the cause of them. I have always been inclined to consider volcanoes as so many spiracula, or vents, of electrical fire, conducted to them by some natural cause with which we are unacquainted; and the electrical state of the air, near the crater, especially during an irruption, favours this opinion. Strata of pyrites, or other inflammable substances, supposed to be under or in the neighbourhood of such volcanic mountains, were they to kindle, would probably continue to be inflamed till the whole was exhausted; and cannot therefore account for the repeated irruptions of volcanoes for thousands of years. We cannot keep the most inflammable substance, above ground, in a state of inflammation without an accession of pure air; but from the bottom of volcanoes, where such air cannot be supposed to exist, rocks, stones, and ashes are thrown out of the crater to an immense height and distance, or vitrified into rivers of lava. The idea of a central fire is too absurd to merit refutation; every fire under ground

"* In our electrical experiments, it is observed, that a hollow paper globe, accurately gilded over the whole of it's surface, is capable of receiving as much electrical fire in an accumulated state, from the conductor of an electrical machine, as a solid globe of metal of the same diameter. If, therefore, the dark body of the sun acts in a similar manner, in regard to the luminous matter on it's surface, said by philosophers to be about five thousand miles thick, there is no reason to suppose this dark nucleus to have been made solid throughout; for the works of God are always perfect, never superfluous.

is, in respect to the earth's semi-diameter, superficial, and must have it's vent; nor is there any species of fire, with which I am acquainted, that can account for the several phænomena of earthquakes and volcanoes, but the electric.

"This amazing fluid, which pervades all space, and by whose astonishing powers the greatest operations in nature are apparently carried on, has likewise wonderful effects, in conjunction with it's kindred principle, heat, in evaporation, vegetation, and other natural processes less conspicuous. The learned Dr. Stukely, in his ingenious paper on the philosophy of earthquakes, which he ascribes to electrical fire in the air, has this remarkable passage: 'Come we to the animal world, we must needs assert, that all motion, voluntary and involuntary, even life itself—all the operations of the vegetable kingdom, and an infinity more of nature's works, are owing to the activity of this electric fire, the very soul of the material world. And, in my opinion, it is this alone that solves the famous question, so much agitated with the writers in medicine, about the heat of the blood.' It is probably, also, a considerable agent in the production of winds, storms, and hurricanes. But as we have not data sufficient to proceed on these subjects with certainty, and as I mean only to mention some of the most conspicuous powers and properties of the electrical fire, so I shall leave this intricate subject, greatly b. yond my abilities, to be investigated by others more competent to the task.

"ON THE ORIGIN OF THE GYPSIES.

"Several historical facts throw some light on the obscure origin of the vagrant people, called here Gypsies, or Egyptians; and, on the continent, Cingari, Zingari, and Chingali. They are supposed to have emigrated about the beginning of the fifteenth century, from the north-west parts of the Peninsula of Hindostan, where they are numerous, on the coast of Guzerat and Sindy, and appear to be the same with the Pariars, or Coolies, on the coast of Coromandel, Malabar, and other more southern parts of India. It is alleged, that the maritime turn of this numerous race of people, with their roving and enterprizing dispositions, may warrant the idea of occasional emigrations in their boats by the Red Sea. Munster and, afterwards, Spellman fixes the time of their first appearance in the year 1417, which is more probable than the account given by others, of their not having been observed in Europe till the beginning of the sixteenth century. For it is certain that Uladislaus, King of Hungary, granted a protection to Thomas Pilgar and his twenty-five tents of Gypsies, in 1496, on account of his services, for making a quantity of musquet-bullets and other military stores for the troops of Sigismond, Bishop of Funfkerchens, as mentioned by the Abbé Pay, in his Annals, and Fraidwaldsky, in his Mineralogy. As these Gypsies were then, and had been for a considerable time, in most kingdoms in Europe, particularly in the south-east provinces, where they are to this day most numerous, they are not mentioned as strangers lately come among us by these authors. Besides, the year 1417, or thereabout, coincides more exactly with the time we may suppose them to take in travelling from Hindostan to Europe, after the entrance of that sanguinary conqueror, Timour-beg, or Tamerlane, about the year 1408. This cruel Tartar, from his extensive massacres of the natives, is supposed to have compelled this lowest cast of the Gentoos, extremely poor, and less attached to their native country than those of better condition, to seek for safety in foreign lands.

"Though we have not, perhaps, sufficient evidence to warrant this assertion, that the Gypsies came originally from Hindostan, yet there are several circumstances which, if duly and impartially considered, will, I am confident, at least amount to a presumptive proof of it's truth. For it must be remarked, that there is no evidence on record, that the Gypsies were recognized in Europe before the period above-mentioned; but, by the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century they were observed to stroll in companies through every kingdom and province, both in the eastern and western empires For, in every country in which they sojourn, they are known to be strangers

and a distinct race from the natives; and as they were observed, on their first arrival in Europe, to have emigrated from the east, they were supposed, by the ignorant, to be Egyptians. It is from these circumstances they have obtained with us their name, and which they themselves, from custom, have adopted. But it must be remarked, that they are as much strangers in Egypt as they are in Spain, Britain, or Denmark; and speak not the Coptic, till after a long residence in that country. Their vernacular language is different from that of every country on this side of India or in Africa; but has an evident affinity to the Moorish or vulgar Gentoo language, as has been clearly demonstrated by H. M. G. Grellman, and likewise by Mr. Marsden. The former of these authors dwells, perhaps, too much on a similarity between the Pariars and Gypsies, in their following the same occupations and trades of whitesmiths and blacksmiths. These employments, he says, are carried on by both in a similar manner. Their instruments are few, simple, and badly constructed, consisting only of a bellows, a pair of pincers, a hammer, a vice, and a file, which they carry in a bag to the door of their employer, using a stone for an anvil. These circumstances are, however, too vague and uncertain to be admitted as a proof of the Pariars and Gypsies being originally the same people. But notwithstanding they, of themselves, prove nothing, yet, like collateral evidence, they may give an additional credit to other remarks, arising from some peculiarity of constitution, in body and mind, common to both. This national character may, in some degree, be recognized in the similarity of complexion, their universal loquacity, cowardice, laziness, and, the concomitant of this last with all unprincipled beggarly people in every country, thieving. The Pariars, as we have seen, have no religion, at least, they are not allowed to enter any place of public worship in India; and though the Gypsies, from policy, adopt the religion of every country in which they live, yet, in spiritual affairs, they appear to be in no better condition.

"That the Gypsies are a distinct race of people from the native inhabitants of Egypt, and from those of every country in Europe, can scarcely be disputed. For near four centuries they have wandered through the world; and, in every region, they have continued uniformly unchanged by the lapse of time, the variation of climate, or the force of example. Their singular physiognomy and peculiar manners are the same in every country. Their swarthy complexion receives no darker shade from the burning sun of Africa, nor any fairer hue from the temperate climate of Europe. From the first appearance of the Gypsies in Europe, we must suppose their language to have undergone some change, and that several words of the language of the country in which they lived for any number of years would naturally mix with their vernacular tongue. But, notwithstanding the alteration this must have produced, it is confidently asserted by authors and travellers, that the Gypsies in Africa, and in the different countries in Europe, can, to this day, converse with each other in a common vernacular language. If, to these circumstances, we should bring again to our recollection the greater affinity of their tongue to the Hindoo, than to any European or Asiatic language, their not appearing here till some years after the invasion of Hindostan by Tamerlane, and their being evidently strangers in every country, it must appear extremely probable that their progenitors were Pariars, or Coolies" vol. ii. p. 498.

The appendix to the first volume is equally miscellaneous; containing the rules of the Caledonian Society, and some papers relative to population.

XLIV. SERMONS, *and other Miscellaneous Pieces, by the late* HENRY HUNTER, D.D., *Minister of the Scots Church, London-Wall. To which are prefixed, a biographical Sketch of his Life and a critical Account of his Writings.* 8vo. 2 *vols.* 400 *pages each.* 18*s. Murray.*

DR. Henry Hunter, so much admired for his pulpit talents, was born at Culross, Perthshire, Aug. 25, 1741, ordained minister at Leith

Jan. 9, 1766, removed to London Aug. 11, 1771, and died Oct. 27, 1802. His Sacred Biography, in six volumes, was his great work, and his principal translation, Lavater's Physiognomy. His visit to Lavater is curious: we transcribe it from the biography accompanying these volumes.

"Dr. Hunter determined upon paying a visit to Lavater at Zurich. The ardour with which he had taken up his cause in England naturally communicated to his mind a sort of esteem and attachment toward him; and perhaps he hoped to derive from the conversation of the physiognomist a still greater knowledge of his plans than could be extracted from his works. In August, 1787, he accordingly repaired to Zurich; but it does not appear that Lavater received his visit with that frankness and cordiality with which it was made. Dr. Hunter expected to have been received with more than ordinary kindness by a man whose works he was about to introduce to the British public, in a style far superior to any in which they had hitherto appeared. Lavater, on the contrary, considered this English translation as likely to injure the sale of the French edition in which he was concerned, and scarcely knew how to act. His translator's frankness, however, by degrees overcame his scruples, and he finally unbosomed himself without reserve. In a letter from Bern, Dr. Hunter thus draws the portrait of Lavater, and describes his last interview with him: 'I was detained the whole morning by that strange, wild, eccentric, creature, Lavater, in various conversations. When once he is set a going, there is no such thing as stopping him, till he run himself out of breath. He starts from subject to subject, flies from book to book, from picture to picture—measures your nose, your eye, your mouth, with a pair of compasses—pours forth a torrent of physiognomy upon you—drags you, for a proof of his dogma, to a dozen of closets, unfolds ten thousand drawings—but will not let you open your lips to propose a difficulty; crams a solution down your throat before you have uttered half a syllable of your objection. He is meagre as the picture of famine; his nose and chin almost meet. I read him in my turn; and found little difficulty in discovering, amidst great genius, unaffected piety, unbounded benevolence, and moderate learning, much caprice and unsteadiness, a mind at once aspiring by nature and grovelling through necessity, an endless turn to speculation and project—in a word, a clever, flighty, good-natured, necessitous, man. He did not conceal his dread of my English translation, as he thinks it will materially affect the sale of the third and fourth volumes of his French edition, one of which is actually published and the other in the press." p. xxiii.

We add the concluding pages of the biography.

"On Sunday, the 20th of June, 1802, whilst in the pulpit, he was obliged to stop in the middle of the first prayer, being seized with a sudden faintness, which prevented him from continuing. On Sunday fortnight following, he was again seized in the same manner, yet no particular danger was apprehended till September. On the 18th of this month, being engaged to meet a party of friends at Greenwich, he went there early in the day, being always remarkably punctual in his hours of appointment. The remainder of the party, however, did not join him till late in the afternoon, and the intermediate time he had spent in walking on the damp grass, and on the banks of the river. He complained that evening, and the ensuing day still more, of violent pains in his breast and side, and began to find himself seriously ill. On the 26th of September, he officiated for the last time at London-Wall, having exerted himself on account of it's being the day usually appointed for the dispensation of the sacrament; he was unable, however, to go thro' with the solemn ceremony, and never afterwards preached within those walls where he had been listened to with interest and affection for upwards of thirty-one years.

"The cough and pain in his breast becoming worse, he was advised to try a change of air, and accordingly set off for Bath, on the 8th of October, alone. This was, perhaps, the first time that he had ever left home unaccompanied by some one of his family, which constituted, indeed,

the chief pleasure of his excursions; and this arose from two causes, the bad state of Mrs. Hunter's health at the time, and the knowledge of his own situation, which induced him to spare the feelings of his children. He remained at Bath rather more than a week, maintaining a constant correspondence with his family, although every day growing weaker, and being advised to remove to Bristol, he departed for that place on the 18th of October. Previous to his departure, he sent a short letter to his daughter, which, as it was the last he ever wrote, may be interesting to his friends, and is here presented.

"*Bath*; *Oct.* 17, 1802.

'MY DEAR AGNES,

'I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, and it's contents safe. I am so debilitated as to be incapable of every manner of exertion. To-morrow, I proceed to Bristol; if I feel not immediate relief, I shall return home, and languish and die at my own house. Augusta Stephen has behaved to me in the kindest manner, as likewise has Mr. Jay, and many others.

'I am unable to sit longer, and must go and lie down.

'Your's always,

'HENRY HUNTER.'

"Shortly after the receipt of this letter, his daughter and only surviving son in England repaired to Bristol, where they arrived on the 24th of October. Their presence, although he had constantly avoided expressing a wish to that effect, was as high a gratification as his exhausted state would admit of receiving; but neither change of air, or medicine, or the presence of his children, could arrest the silent but rapid progress of decay. Being completely exhausted, he died, without pain, on the 27th of October. The body was brought to London, and interred, on the 6th of November, in the burying-ground of Bunhill-Fields, where his son Henry and his beloved daughter Christian also rest. An appropriate oration was delivered at the grave by the Rev. James Steven, minister of Crown-Court, and the funeral sermon was preached at London-Wall, on Sunday, the 7th of November, by the Rev. William Nicol, of Swallow-Street.

"Having thus given the outlines of the life of Dr. Hunter, there still remains the more difficult and more delicate task of presenting a summary of his character and genius. Some estimate may indeed be formed of both, from a perusal of his writings, which, however, are still better calculated to afford a just notion of his abilities than of his disposition. He was a man of uncommon warmth of heart, and of quick and powerful feelings, joined to a mind naturally energetic and commanding. Whatever he felt, he felt deeply; whatever he attempted, he attempted with the whole power of his mind. He knew not what a half-feeling or a half-measure meant. The object which he took up engaged him for the time, almost to the exclusion of every other, and, from the nature of his mind, that object was never of a trivial or paltry nature. He detested every action savouring in the least of meanness, and could rather have borne with the infirmities of a great mind, than with the petty vices of a little one. His views being constantly bent on some important or interesting object, left him little or no inclination to turn them toward others, to him of less consequence. Hence a complete disregard of money, except to answer some present purpose, either of necessity or charity. From the great benevolence of his heart, it accordingly happened not unfrequently, that if, even when in great want of money, he received a sum more than sufficient to answer the demand of the moment, the remainder was always ready to be shared with the first child of want that appeared. As he despised half-measures in his other actions, so he deprecated them in his charities. When he gave, he gave *all*. The objects of his benevolence often departed from him richer than himself, and left him to seek from friendship that assistance which he had bestowed through the irresistible impulses of a warm heart. With such dispositions, it will naturally be supposed that his attachments were particularly warm to those more immediately around

Yet although he delighted above all in the company of his children, no person ever took shelter beneath his roof, even for a short time, without becoming an object of his regard and sharing in his friendship.

" In the allotment of time, he was exact; in performing a promise, even to the smallest engagement, he was most punctual, and would rather put himself to inconvenience than run the risk of trifling with the time of others. Whatever depended on himself, was sure to be performed; and often, through his means, when it depended on others. A grand axiom in all his actions was, that whatever good work he began, should never be relinquished, till completed.

" Although in conversation he was uncommonly lively and agreeable, yet Dr. Hunter had not the smallest turn for raillery, or what is termed repartee: perhaps, in the whole course of his life, he never made an attempt at a joke; yet, what may appear extraordinary, he possessed a keen relish of those social qualifications when innocently exerted by others, and was an admirable judge of humour, although he possessed none himself.

" As a pulpit orator, his abilities were of the very first class. If he spoke to the understanding, the admirable division of his subject enabled every hearer to grasp his meaning, and conclusions drawn with almost logical precision overwhelmed the doubts of the most ingenious caviller. If he addressed the feelings, the earnestness of his manner added a double interest to his pathetic exhortations, and carried conviction to the coldest heart. His delivery was uniformly solemn and distinct, not calculated to slide gently into a fashionable ear, but admirably adapted to the general nature of his discourses, to engage profound attention, to awaken deep reflection, and alarm the soul sinking into deceitful security or impenitence. Rich in ideas, and profound and accurate in his observations, he disdained nothing more than to hunt after high-sounding words, which charm the ear and deceive the understanding, without touching the heart. It may be truly said, with respect to the general effect of his preaching, that

'Fools who came to scoff remained to pray.'

" In all characters, however good or great, there must be imperfections. The energy of his mind carried him to a misplaced inflexibility and impetuosity on points of little moment, and the warmth of his feelings inclined him, perhaps, at times too strongly to the pleasures of society; yet were even the coldest and severest judge to examine these imperfections, when he reflected that the first was only the partial and temporary perversion of a great quality, and that from the same source as the second sprung the disposition to wipe away the tear from the eye of the widow and the orphan, he would perhaps hesitate to condemn. But if, leaving partial views of his character, this same severe judge were to consider him as possessing a heart sincere, benevolent, generous, pious, and affectionate; a mind firm, capacious, decided, and indefatigable; he would then, indeed, in strict justice, be eager to applaud. In short, without speaking too highly, it may confidently be affirmed, that although one man may be found to fill his place as a minister, a second, as a man of active benevolence and charity, a third, as an instructor of youth, and a fourth, as a literary character, yet we must not expect to see a man speedily arise capable of sustaining all these various characters, and of making *one* of them equal to Henry Hunter.

" In his person, Dr. Hunter was tall, slender, and rather narrow in the shoulders and chest: in walking, he generally kept his eyes fixed on the ground at a little distance before him. His features were strongly marked, and indicative of a decided character; his eyes grey, and capable of expressing all the emotions of his soul; and his whole physiognomy characteristic, even to a common observer, of a mind not cast in an ordinary mould.

" Dr. Henry Hunter!—a pupil, perhaps the best beloved of thy pupils, erects this frail memorial to thy virtues: returned from foreign climes, he found thy pulpit clothed in black and thy family still in tears. In the preceding pages, 'the heart *has* spoken,' nor has an 'unfeeling hand dared

to dress out thy poor remains.' Permit this last handful of friendly earth to be scattered over thy tomb; and may he who attempts this pious office ever remain mindful of thy precepts and emulative of thy virtues!" vol. i. p. xlvii.

These two volumes contain thirty-four sermons, one half of them relating to the communion, and the other half are on miscellaneous subjects. A few funeral pieces close the work. The ninth sermon, being short, we give entire, as a specimen of pulpit eloquence.

"SERMON IX.

"*Luke* xxii. 19, 20.

'And he took bread, and gave thanks, and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body, which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me. Likewise, also, the cup, after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you.'

"FOR A COMMUNION SABBATH.

"*On the last Supper.*

"These words, christians, carry us into our blessed Lord's last retirement with his disciples before he suffered. They contain his last, affectionate, dying, injunction, breathed out in the very bowels of tenderness and friendship, into the private ear of the chosen few who were by and by to be the witnesses of his death and the teachers of his religion. Having concluded his public ministrations, he collects, for the last time, his humble, happy, family, to give them his parting advices, and blessings, and prayers.

"Now the dreadful tempest was gathering fast around his head; now the eternally-appointed hour was come—now heaven is armed with justice, earth with cruelty and ingratitude, and hell with rage against him; and the approaching complicated distress is clothed in deeper horror, from being foreseen, foreknown. And yet behold our adorable Redeemer, all placid and serene, exhibiting a glorious representation of the meltings of love triumphant over the apprehension and sense of misery! While divine justice emits that awful sentence—'Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, and against the Man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts. Smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered; and I will turn mine hand upon the little ones;'—while a treacherous friend is contriving with a declared and implacable foe the means of his destruction; while hell is collecting all her fury and despair into one tremendous effort—God-like intrepidity sits enthroned on his brow, divine benignity glistens in his eyes, and those ever-memorable gracious words flow from his lips—'with desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer.' 'This is my body broken for you.' 'This do in remembrance of me.' The same endearing command, my friends, is this day addressed to you, and you are entered into your upper chamber to put it in practice. The same eyes of compassion and love are now upon you, the same arms of condescension stretched out toward you, the same voice of friendship distils into your ears; with this difference, that the injunction comes not now from a humbled, distressed, despised, man upon earth, 'but from the most excellent glory,' but from the throne of God, but from him 'who lives and reigns for ever and ever, to whom all power in heaven and in earth of right belongs.' Consider, then, that as it is the request of a friend, so it is the command of God, which calls you to this solemn service; and, as if your Saviour in person pronounced the words in your ears, and displayed before your eyes the still more affecting monitor of his pierced hands and feet, reply to his call—'My Lord and my God,' behold thy servant flying to thy presence, to do thy will; how can I ever forget thee? engrave thy name, thy love, on my hands, on the living tables of my heart, that I may live to thee, and only to thee.

"That I may, by the divine grace, intended communicants, assist your meditations on this occasion, I shall endeavour to bring Christ the Lord to your remembrance in a few particulars, and then make a short appeal to your own hearts, upon the propriety, utility, and wisdom, of the precept; which will also lead me to speak a little of the temper of mind which is requisite to a right compliance with it.

"On the first of these heads, I might represent the blessed Jesus to the eye of your faith, in his eternal, essential, glory, before all worlds; as the all-creating Word, which gave existence to the universe; and the all-upholding Word, which preserves it—I might call upon you just to open your eyes and look around you, and after you have, for a moment, considered the last of the objects which encompass you on every side, ask you whether it be possible to forget him whose wisdom, and power, and goodness, shine so conspicuously and incessantly in every creature. But we are at this time called particularly to consider his redeeming goodness and, more particularly still, his dying love. On this, then, let our souls dwell with gratitude and delight; in this pleasant field, let us with rapture expatiate, and thus begin upon earth the employment and the joys of the blessed above.

"I. When Christ says, then, 'do this in remembrance of me,' he seems to say, 'remember, O man, remember, O woman, my cheerful and prompt obedience to my Father's will in the matter of your salvation; for the attainment of this end, at his appointed time, I assumed the body he had prepared for me; that his will and work might be fulfilled, I carried my cross from the womb upwards, I offered myself to the hatred, reproach, and contempt, of men, to days of labour and nights of watchfulness. The mountains and the plains, the lakes and the rivers, the city and the wilderness, the temple, the synagogue, and the private house, bear witness how unweariedly I taught the will of God to souls ready to perish through lack of knowledge. The blind, the dumb, the lame, the diseased, those who were dead, can tell how readily I embraced every opportunity of doing good. And when the appointed time came, when I must pour out my soul an offering for sin, the garden, the tribunal, the cross, the tomb, can shew whether or not the law of God was within my heart. And when you remember me, and when you remember these things, O think of the ready compliance which ye also should yield to your heavenly Father's will, as you would be thought my disciples, as you value the approving testimony of your own conscience, as you value the approbation of God, and the great interests of my kingdom. Is the path of commanded duty stretched out before you?—not only walk, but run, in it, that it may appear to be your meat and drink to do God's will. Is the cup of bitterness and suffering put into your hand?—learn of me, and say, 'Father! not my will, but thine, be done! and then with submission drink it. Did I go on with such alacrity and speed with a cross full in my view?—and with a crown in your's can you be indolent?'

"II. Farther, the command of Christ calls upon us to remember his unwearied attention to the everlasting concerns of mankind. At the early age of twelve years, he began to cure that fatal plague of the human mind, ignorance. From the moment of his first manifestation as the Messiah, he set himself with unremitting zeal and diligence to preach the doctrine of the kingdom; during the intervals of that work, the distrest and the miserable found him ever ready to relieve them; nor did he wait their application to him, but 'went about doing good,' and often by one and the same act of benignity conveyed a cure to the body and the soul. How deeply he entered into this grand design, the recovery of our fallen nature to goodness and happiness, let his frequent and affectionate addresses, his whole nights spent in prayer, his pathetic lamentations and tears, evince. When you think of this, communicants, learn the infinite value of your own immortal souls, learn a watchful attention to your own eternal interest, learn to postpone every thing to the care of your better part. O remember that your Saviour has not to this hour relaxed his care: he invites you now to recollect the particular providences and the particular means of grace which he employed and blessed for awakening, convincing, and converting, edifying you: he thus reminds you of his constant watchfulness over you, and thus would excite your constant regard to him.—'Remember, O my friend, in what a fearful condition my grace found thee; with an unbelieving world, laid fast asleep, asleep on the very brink of ruin. I stretched out my hand and awoke

thee, disturbed thee, not in anger, but in pity—I sent thee that afflictive providence, not because I hated, but because I loved, thee. When that alarming, or informing, or comforting, sermon was preached, it was my voice which I caused thee to hear; when that scripture became quick and powerful to thy soul, it was my quickening Spirit which gave it life and power, and which made thee alive to hear it; when, on such and such an occasion, in prayer, thou, as a prince, hadst power with God, and prevailed, my spirit helped thine infirmities, my prevailing—I will—procured thee an answer of peace. When was my ear heavy that I should not hear, or my hand shortened that I should not save, thee? Behold now that table, and the bread which is by and by to be broken, and the wine which is by and by to be poured out, and say if I am ever unmindful of thee; have I not engraven thee on the palms of my hands? have I not set thee as a seal upon my arm, upon my heart? Do this then in remembrance of me, who never will, never can, forget thee; and when you consider all this, when you see how precious you and all your interests are to me, be more watchful, more zealous and attentive to them yourselves.'

"III. Farther, in the third place, the words of institution call us to a serious and affectionate remembrance of Christ's meekness, humility, and self-denial. Consider, I beseech you, 'the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, for your sakes became poor; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and, being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.' 'Consider him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds.' To enter into a detail of particulars on this head, would be to rehearse his whole history, from the manger to the tomb; for the whole is a commentary upon his own words concerning himself, 'I am meek and lowly in heart.' The place of his residence, Nazareth, the mean employment of his reputed father, the obscurity and poverty of his relations, were repeatedly mentioned to him by way of insult and reproach, but drew no expression of resentment from him. His plainest words and kindest actions were grievously misinterpreted and misrepresented, but yet he calmly proceeded to do and to teach. The multitude would one day force a crown upon him; and the next, drag him to be crucified: the former he with humility declines; the latter he with humility submits unto. The disciples, poor as they were, had, notwithstanding, houses to dwell in; but their Master had none. 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head.' When his raiment came to be divided among the soldiers, it was found of the very plainest, homeliest, sort; nor was all this an assumed humble outside, to disguise or conceal a proud and lofty heart, as has often been the case; no, all was uniform and consistent, for 'when he was reviled, he reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.' When he was buffetted, and scourged, and spit upon, soft words and kind looks were all the return he made; to the disciple who denied him, he expressed, and that only by his eyes, a sentiment of pity; to the traitor himself, the harshest word was that mild question, 'Betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' The very agony of torture drew from him only a prayer in behalf of his tormentors; and even now, all great and glorious as he is, he condescends to the littleness, the weakness, and the wants, of the meanest believer; and, what is infinitely more, humbles himself to 'stand at the door and knock' upon the proudest, haughtiest, stubbornest, sinner. Do this, then, O christian, in remembrance of the meek and lowly, the self-denied and patient, Jesus. And, when thus employed, suppose him once more addressing thee in such terms as these: How ill does pride become thee, O my disciple and my friend, when thy Master was pleased so to debase himself. Was he so poor?—blush then to think that thou wert ever ashamed of poverty, and anxious to avoid it. Did I con-

descend to wash my servants' feet?—and dare you reckon the meanest office of charity, and meekness, and self-denial, beneath you? Did I assume or affect state and magnificence?—and can you be vain of costly furniture, or apparel, or equipage? When you behold me ascribing all the glory to God, will you covet, and seek, and delight in, the applause of men? If Christ pleased not himself, do you deserve the name of his disciples, if your only or your great study be how to please yourselves? Did the most outrageous insults and injuries excite my compassion, not my anger, and shall every trifling piece of disrespect, every little injury, every insignificant affront, blow up my servant into a flame? Did I drink off my cup of unmixed bitterness, without repining, and shall the smallest drop of gall cause thee to murmur and complain? Why, O why! has the example of your Master so little influence upon you? Remember me, and be humble, and patient, and mortified, to self and to the world.

"IV. Again, remember your Saviour in his intrepidity and fortitude. Though meek as the lamb, and harmless as the dove, he assumed the most unshaken firmness when the honour of his heavenly Father required it. What an exhibition of this character have we in the temptation in the wilderness, when the old dragon was repelled and foiled in every attack! With what a noble courage and zeal did he drive the buyers and sellers from the temple, chasing whole multitudes before him! What a display of real magnanimity shines in his deportment in his examination before the High Priest, and his arraignment and trial at Pilate's tribunal! When interrogated by the former about his disciples and doctrine, this was his animated, undaunted, reply: 'I spake openly in the synagogue, and in the temple, whither the Jews always resort; and in secret have I said nothing. Why askest thou me? ask them which heard me what I have said unto them: behold they know what I have said.' When insulted and threatened by the latter in these haughty terms, 'Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?' with calmness, but with boldness, he reproved his insolence. 'Thou couldest have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above: therefore, he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin.' Consider him, then, christians, who 'before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession;' who voluntarily met the king of terrors, arrayed in more than his usual horror: consider him, and learn to repel every temptation, to brave every danger, to vanquish every foe; to fear God, that you may have no other fear: remember him, O my soul, and be ashamed of thine own weakness and cowardice. How often hast thou feared where no fear was! how often fled when none pursued! how often fallen before a weak and contemptible enemy! how often yielded the victory without striking a single blow!—do this, then, in remembrance of him, and revive the spirit of a christian within thee; and henceforth, in the hour of danger and trial, look to Jesus, the great Captain of salvation, and recollect this day's solemn oath of fidelity, and stand fast in the faith; quit thyself like a man, a christian; be strong; be stedfast unto death, and thy great Commander shall give thee a crown of life.

"V. In the fifth and last place, remember, in an especial manner, the one great source of all these shining graces of thy Saviour, the great inspiring cause of his perfect obedience to the will of God, his uninterrupted attention to the interests of mankind, his humility and patience, his perseverance and fortitude—even his everlasting, his astonishing, love; love, strong as death; love, which no waters can quench, no floods drown! Had the by-standers reason for their remark, when, observing his tears at the grave of Lazarus, they said to one another, 'Behold how he loved him!' how much greater reason have we to draw the same conclusion, when we behold him in his agony, weeping, not tears, but blood, in great drops; not from his eyes, but from every pore of his body; when we behold his back furrowed with stripes, his temples galled with a crown of thorns, his hands and feet thrust through with nails; and when we hear him, in the immediate prospect of torments horrible to think of, referring all to pure unmixed love: 'This is my body,

broken for you;' 'this is the new covenant in my bloody which is shed for you.' Does not a voice, O communicant, seem to issue from each of those painful wounds, saying, turn hither thy eyes, O sinner, and say whether or not I loved thee? What affecting language descends from the triumphant ignominy and pain of the crucified Jesus! What further proof, O my friend, canst thou require, or I give, of my unalterable affection for thee? Have I not written it in blood, my own blood? but yet I grudge it not, I glory in it, for my love triumphs, and thou art saved. Surely, then, I need not call upon thee twice, to do this in remembrance of me; surely, thy soul is on the wing to fly into these outstretched arms, which are ready to receive thee; to join itself to that heart which still and ever glows with love toward thee: Here deposit all thy cares, and pains, and sorrows; here thou shalt ever meet an affectionate welcome, here thou shalt ever find rest. And from hence survey, not only what my love has already done for thee, and what it now bestows, but look forward, and contemplate the treasures it has in reserve for you. Thou hast no cause yet to say, I love thee, compared to what thou shalt have; for the fruits of my love are but beginning to appear, and an eternity is required to display them in their full glory. The blest period approaches, when thou shalt eat, not of the first fruits, but of the full vintage, and drink, not of the stream, but at the source. 'In my Father's house, are many mansions. I have prepared a place for you; I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. I give unto thee eternal life, thou shalt never perish. I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you; in my presence there is fulness of joy, at my right hand there are pleasures for evermore.' 'Amen! even so come quickly, Lord Jesus!'" vol. i. p. 182.

Take also the following address on a funeral occasion.

"*Delivered at the grave of a friend.*

"The voice of the Eternal saith, 'Cry.—What shall I cry?—All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.' The voice from that tomb is loud and distinct, and quick and powerful. It says, in a language intelligible to all men, 'Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!' It says, 'O man! thou hast here no abiding city; set thy desire on a better country, that is, an heavenly. Be ye also ready; for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.' Could the spirit of our departed friend return, and reanimate the clay tabernacle, and bring a report from the regions of eternal day, what would the testimony be?—Once I reckoned, now I know, that the sufferings of time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to be revealed. Mourn not, my friends for me, but mourn for yourselves, left as you are to struggle for a season through a valley of tears. Your kind wishes and prayers in my behalf are infinitely exceeded. You wished me release from pain and suffering, and it is accomplished; I suffer no more, I am in pain no more. You wished me prolonged life in the waste howling wilderness which you inhabit; and lo! God has done inconceivably more and better for me; I now live, and enjoy life, in the midst of the paradise of God. You wished me temporal comfort and prosperity: it was not the will of my heavenly Father that these should be mine any longer; but he has bestowed on me, in exchange, 'a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' which I would not re-exchange for 'all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them.' With sympathy and sorrow, such as immortals feel, my spirit looks down on the conflict which ye have still to endure, on the days of darkness which must still pass over you. But be not dismayed. 'Be strong in the Lord, and the power of his might. Be faithful unto death, and ye shall receive a crown of life.' Live the life of faith upon the Son of God, and your latter end shall be peace.

"Listen, my christian friends, to the celestial monitor, and learn to live, learn to die. This awful spot acquires a growing interest with us every day. It is peopled with our kindred, our friends, with whom we took sweet counsel. They invite us to repose with them, and they rest in

hope. Death has, henceforward, nothing formidable to the believer in Christ Jesus. 'In the tomb of Jesus Christ, are dissipated all the terrors which the tomb of nature presents. In the tomb of nature, O sinner, thou beholdest thy frailty, thy subjection to the bondage of corruption: in the tomb of Jesus Christ, thou beholdest thy strength and thy deliverance. In the tomb of nature, the punishment of sin stares thee in the face; in the tomb of Jesus Christ, thou findest the expiation of it. From the tomb of nature, thou hearest the dreadful sentence pronounced against all the posterity of Adam, Dust thou art, and to dust shalt thou return;—but from the tomb of Jesus Christ issue these accents of consolation: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. In the tomb of nature, thou readest this universal, this irrevocable, doom written: It is appointed unto men once to die;—but in the tomb of Jesus Christ, thy tongue is loosened into this triumphant song of praise: O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory!—Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'* " vol. ii. p. 335.

" * Saurin on the Crucifixion.

XLV. SACRED HOURS; *or, Extracts for Private Devotion and Meditation: comprehending the Psalms, arranged and classed under various Heads; together with Prayers, Thanksgivings, Hymns, &c. &c. principally selected from Scripture. The whole intended as a Compendium of Divine Authority, and a Companion for the Hour of Solitude and Retirement.* 12*mo.* 2 *vols.* 350 *pages each.* 10*s. Ginger.*

THIS work includes copious extracts from every part of the sacred writings, as well as from divines and laymen of every denomination. There are also large portions of the Psalms, and some excellent Addresses to the Deity. The selection is judicious, and it cannot fail of being acceptable to the religious world.

XLVI. MEMOIRS OF CELEBRATED FEMALE CHARACTERS, *who have distinguished themselves by their Talents and Virtues in every Age and Nation: containing the most extensive Collection of meritorious Examples of Feminine Excellence ever published; in which the virtuous and the vicious are painted in their true Colours. By* MRS. PILKINGTON. *Embellished with Portraits. sm.* 12*mo.* 350 *pages.* 6*s. Harris.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the number of works on the pleasing subject of female biography which has lately appeared, the present volume seems to have been much wanted, as it possesses a degree of interesting originality, of which former publications are totally deficient. It is closely printed, in a portable size, on a beautiful nonpareil type, and contains many hundred lives, which, according to the ordinary mode of printing, would extend to several volumes. Prefixed, is a neat and concise dedication to the Duchess of York. The portraits are very correctly executed. We shall extract the preface, from which our readers will be enabled to form some judgment of the nature of the work; and close the article with the memoirs of Charlotte Smith.

" PREFACE.

'Example moves where precept fails,
And sermons are less read than tales.'

" The justice of this remark has been universally acknowledged, and the most beneficial effects have been frequently produced merely by the representation of virtuous actions, and by painting in strong colours the fatal tendency of vice.

" In the work which is now presented to the public, with that diffidence which an unassisted author must feel, I have been actuated by two considerations, and have experienced a greater solicitude to improve than to entertain.

" As female biography is an excellent subject, and likely to be perused by the youthful part of the community, I have ventured to intersperse it with a variety of remarks, which na-

turally arose from reflecting upon the causes of the different actions described. Amongst the variety of authors which it was necessary to apply to, for materials to furnish a work upon so extensive a scale, I was astonished at finding a contrariety of opinions, but I have endeavoured always to lean to the favourable side. Perfection in human nature is not to be expected; the beauty of a picture is improved by the judicious blending of light and shade; and, by introducing opposite characters, I have endeavoured to show the pre-eminence of virtue over vice.

"If, in searching over the records of antiquity, I have appeared inattentive to those characters who do honour to the present age, it is not to be ascribed to disrespect for their abilities, but to the difficulty of procuring anecdotes on which I could rely.

"Upon the whole, I beg it to be observed, that I have bestowed infinite labour and attention in the completion of this production; which, though small in size, contains a great body of matter, and, I trust, will prove an useful lesson to the junior classes of society, as well as interesting to readers in general.

"SMITH (CHARLOTTE). This celebrated female writer was the daughter of a gentleman of the name of Turner, who possessed, in the counties of Surry and Sussex, considerable estates, but she had the misfortune to lose her mother when she was little more than three years of age. I shall pass over the early part of this lady's existence, and come to that when her father presented her with a mother-in-law, a circumstance of course not very pleasing to a girl of fifteen. When this event took place, the subject of these memoirs went to pay a visit to the sister of her father, who had resided in that gentleman's house from the death of his wife, and who had endeavoured to supply to his children the irreparable loss which they had sustained. It was during her visit to this relation that Miss Turner became acquainted with the gentleman to whom she soon afterwards gave her hand. He was the son of a West-India merchant, allowed to be possessed of considerable wealth. Her extreme youth was at first an objection to Mr. Smith the elder; but the natural seriousness of her character soon set it aside. He was no less pleased with her person than delighted with her manners; and, when a mere child in years, she entered upon the duties of a wife.

"From a variety of concurring circumstances of a private nature, Mrs. Smith has had opportunities of displaying her sense of these important duties in a more eminent degree than the generality of her sex. An unexpected transition took place in the affairs of her husband, and she had the misery of experiencing all those mortifications which are attached to an involvment in debt. The air of the city not having agreed with their health, united to her having lost a child of a malignant fever, had induced the father of Mr. Smith to purchase an estate for him in Hampshire, called Lys Farm: thither she had retired with her young family, and wholly devoted her time to the cultivation of her children's understanding and the management of her domestic affairs. A fondness for expence, united to an entire ignorance of the farming business, occasioned those embarassments which Mrs. Smith so affectingly describes. The estate in Hampshire was obliged to be sold, her husband was put into confinement, and those friends from whom she had expected to receive assistance seemed rather inclined to add to her distress. It was during the period of her husband's imprisonment, which Mrs. Smith unrepiningly shared with him, that she first devoted her thoughts to literature, and flattered herself with the hope of obtaining a temporary support for her children through the medium of the press. Those beautiful little poems which have immortalized the name of the author were written without an idea of their ever appearing in print, but merely to amuse a mind that seemed to be anticipating the cruel stroke of adversity which it was soon destined to sustain. The following sonnet to her children, which was composed long before she was assailed by misfortune, proves that she apprehended that the brilliant prospects which surrounded them would soon be overcast. The sensations of a mother are so af-

feetingly described in it, that I could not resist the desire of extracting it from her works.

'Sighing, I see yon little groupe at play,
By sorrow yet untouch'd, unhurt by care;
While, free and sportive, they enjoy to-day,
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare!

'Oh! happy age! when hope's uncloud-ed ray
Lights their green path, and prompts their simple mirth,
E'er yet they feel the thorns that lurking lay,
To wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth—

'Making them rue the hour that gave them birth,
And threw them on a world so full of pain;
Where prosperous folly treads on patient worth,
And, deaf to pride, misfortune pleads in vain!
Ah! for their future fate, how many fears
Oppress my heart, and fill my eyes with tears!'

"In terms which must excite the sympathy of every feeling bosom, Mrs. Smith paints the mortifications which an unprotected female must endure at her first attempts to dispose of those productions of her genius which the hard hand of necessity called into birth. After much anxiety on the part of the author, however, the poems were published, and received with that applause their merit deserved: a rich vein of poetic imagery breathes through every number, which at once charms the feeling, and makes an impression upon the heart. The following sonnet seems to paint the situation of the author, and excites, whilst perused, a mixture of sympathy and delight.

'The partial muse has from my earliest hours
Smil'd on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread;
And still, with sportive hand, has snatch'd wild flow'rs,
To weave fantastic garlands for my head.

'But far, far, happier is the lot of those
Who never learn'd her dear delusive art;
Which, while it decks the head with many a rose,
Reserves the thorn, to fester in the heart.

'For still she bids soft pity's melting eye
Stream o'er the ills she knows not to remove,
Points every pang and deepens every sigh
Of mourning friendship, or unhappy love.
Ah! then, how dear the muses' favours cost,
If those paint sorrow best who feel it most!'

"After having for seven months experienced all the miserable scenes of a prison, the creditors of Mr. Smith consented to his being released, and the estates in the West Indies, which had fallen to him from the death of his father, were put into the hands of trustees. During this dreary period of confinement, the children of Mrs. Smith were left in Sussex, under her brother's care; and to the house of this amiable relation they directed their course as soon as they had escaped the prison walls.

"'After the scenes I had witnessed, and the apprehensions I had suffered (says this unfortunate female), how deliciously soothing to my wearied spirits was the soft pure air of the summer's morning, breathing over the dewy grass, as we passed over the Surry heaths! My native hills at length burst upon my view! I beheld once more the fields where I had passed my happiest days; and amidst the perfumed turf with which one of those fields was strewn, perceived with delight the beloved groupe from whom I had been so long divided, and for whose fate my affections were ever anxious. The transports of this meeting were too much for my exhausted spirits; yet, after all my sufferings, I began to hope I might taste content, or experience at least a respite from calamity.'

"Vain was the hope! illusive the expectation! her trials and disappointments were far from complete; the supposed friends of her husband became his persecutors, and he was compelled to fly from his native land!

He was persuaded by some English gentlemen whom he met with upon the continent to hire a large chateau in Upper Normandy, for the reception of his children and his wife; and thither the unprotected Mrs. Smith conveyed her young family, at a period when she was little capable of supporting either exertion or fatigue. Destitute of comforts, surrounded with difficulties, she gave birth in this dreary situation to another son; and when the infant was scarcely two months old, herself and family were compelled to return. By the chicanery of the lawyers, her children were kept out of that property which was settled upon them by her marriage deeds; and notwithstanding all the exertions she made in her husband's favour, she found it impossible to arrange his affairs. Again she found it necessary to apply to her pen for a subsistence: she translated a novel from the French, which was written by the Abbé Prevost, and another work, which was published under the title of the Romance of Real Life. These were followed by the novels of Emmeline, Ethelinda, Celestina, Desmond, and the Old Manor-House, besides several other publications, for the improvement of children, and a new edition of her poetic works.

"Domestic sorrows pressed heavily upon this unfortunate female. Her second son, a youth of promising abilities, was seized with a fever, and died in a few days: her elder son, however, who was a writer in India, aided her literary endeavours to support her family, by a number of filial gifts: her third son, who was an ensign in the twenty-fourth regiment, at the siege of Dunkirk had the misfortune to lose his leg; and her daughter, an accomplished and amiable young woman, died soon after her marriage, in the very prime of life! 'Till the loss of my beloved child (says this ill-fated parent), which fell upon me like the hand of death, I could exert my faculties.' She then most affectingly points out the anguish of her grief, which was augmented by her total inability to make the trustees of her surviving children exert themselves in their cause. At length, however, the brother-in-law of Mr. Smith, who had disputed the property with her, offered to compromise the affairs; and she had the happiness of beholding the objects of her tenderness relieved from the pangs of pecuniary distress. Allusions to the situation of herself and family are frequently introduced in her writings, which is said to have excited the resentment of the parties concerned; and she complains in strong terms of the injustice which is practised by those who are bound to protect the injured and relieve the oppressed." p. 326.

XLVII. POPULAR TALES. *By* MARIA EDGEWORTH, *Author of Practical Education.* 12*mo.* 3 *vol.* 400 *pages. Johnson.*

THESE tales, by a well-known and ingenious lady, are introduced to the public by a brother: his preface we transcribe.

"PREFACE.

"Some author says that a good book needs no apology; and, as a preface is usually an apology, a book enters into the world with a better grace without one. I, however, appeal to those readers who are not gluttons, but epicures, in literature, whether they do not wish to see the bill of fare. I appeal to monthly critics, whether a preface that gives a view of the pretensions of the writer is not a good thing? The author may over-value his subject, and very naturally may over-rate the manner in which it is treated; but still he will explain his views, and facilitate the useful and necessary art which the French call 'reading with the thumb.' We call this 'hunting a book,' a term certainly invented by a sportsman. I leave the reader to chuse which he pleases, whilst I lay before him the contents and design of these volumes.

"Burke supposes that there are eighty thousand readers in Great Britain, nearly one hundredth part of it's inhabitants! Out of these, we may calculate that ten thousand are nobility, clergy, or gentlemen of the learned professions. Of seventy thousand readers which remain, there are many who might be amused and in-

structed by books which were not professedly adapted to the classes that have been enumerated. With this view, the following volumes have been composed. The title of 'Popular Tales' has been chosen, not as a presumptuous and premature claim to popularity, but from the wish that they may be current beyond circles which are sometimes exclusively considered as polite.

"The art of printing has opened to all classes of people various new channels of entertainment and information. Amongst the ancients, wisdom required austere manners and a length of beard to command attention; but in our days, instruction, in the dress of innocent amusement, is not denied admittance amongst the wise and good of all ranks. It is therefore hoped that a succession of stories, adapted to different ages, sexes, and situations, in life, will not be rejected by the public, unless they offend against morality, tire by their sameness, or disgust by their imitation of other writers.*

"RD. LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

"*Edgeworth's-Town, Feb.* 1804."

vol. i. p. iv.

The tales are eleven in number, and some of considerable length: their titles stand thus.—Lame Jervas; The Will; The Limerick Gloves; Out of Debt, Out of Danger; The Lottery; Rosanna; Murad the Unlucky; The Manufacturers; The Contrast; The Grateful Negro; To-Morrow. We select the Grateful Negro as a fair specimen of the whole.

"THE GRATEFUL NEGRO.

"In the island of Jamaica there lived two planters, whose methods of managing their slaves were as different as possible. Mr. Jefferies considered the negroes as an inferior species, incapable of gratitude, disposed to treachery, and to be roused from their natural indolence only by force. He treated his slaves, or rather suffered his overseer to treat them, with the greatest severity.

"Jefferies was not a man of a cruel but of a thoughtless and extravagant temper. He was of such a sanguine disposition, that he always calculated upon having a fine season, and fine crops on his plantation; and never had the prudence to make allowance for unfortunate accidents: he required, as he said, from his overseer, produce, and not excuses.

"Durant, the overseer, did not scruple to use the most* cruel and barbarous methods of forcing the slaves to exertions beyond their strength. Complaints of his brutality from time to time reached his master's ears; but, though Mr. Jefferies was moved to momentary compassion, he shut his heart against conviction; he hurried away to the jovial banquet, and drowned all painful reflections in wine.

"He was this year much in debt; and, therefore, being more than usually anxious about his crop, he pressed his overseer to exert himself to the utmost.

"The wretched slaves upon his plantation thought themselves still more unfortunate, when they compared their condition with that of the negroes on the estate of Mr. Edwards. This gentleman treated his slaves with all possible humanity and kindness. He wished that there was no such thing as slavery in the world; but he was convinced, by the arguments of those who have the best means of obtaining information, that the sudden emancipation of the negroes would rather increase than diminish their miseries. His benevolence, therefore, confined itself within the bounds of reason. He adopted those plans, for the amelioration of the state of the slaves, which appeared to him the most likely to succeed without producing any violent agitation or revo-

"* Whatever merit the heads of the chapters in the following stories may have, it must be attributed to the editor, as they were inserted by him.

"R. L. E.

"* THE NEGRO SLAVES — a fine drama, by Kotzebue. It is to be hoped that such horrible instances of cruelty are not now to be found in nature. Bryan Edwards, in his History of Jamaica, says that most of the planters are humane; but he allows that some facts can be cited in contradiction of this assertion.

lution.* For instance, his negroes had reasonable and fixed daily tasks; and, when these were finished, they were permitted to employ their time for their own advantage or amusement. If they chose to employ themselves longer for their master, they were paid regular wages for their extra work. This reward, for as such it was considered, operated most powerfully upon the slaves. Those who are animated by hope can perform what would seem impossibilities to those who are under the depressing influence of fear. The wages which Mr. Edwards promised he took care to see punctually paid.

"He had an excellent overseer, of the name of Abraham Bayley; a man of a mild but steady temper, who was attached, not only to his master's interests, but to his virtues; and who, therefore, was more intent upon seconding his humane views, than upon squeezing from the labour of the negroes the utmost produce. Each negro had near his cottage a portion of land, called his provision-ground; and one day in the week was allowed for it's cultivation.

"It is common in Jamaica for the slaves to have provision-grounds, which they cultivate for their own advantage; but it too often happens that when a good negro has successfully improved his little spot of land, when he has built himself a house, and begins to enjoy the fruits of his industry, his acquired property is seized upon by the sheriff's officer for the payment of his master's debts:† he is forcibly separated from his wife and children, dragged to public auction, purchased by a stranger, and perhaps sent to terminate his miserable existence in the mines of Mexico, excluded for ever from the light of heaven! and all this without any crime or imprudence on his part, real or pretended: he is punished because his master is unfortunate.

"To this barbarous injustice the negroes on Mr. Edwards's plantation were never exposed. He never exceeded his income; he engaged in no wild speculations; he contracted no debts; and his slaves, therefore, were in no danger of being seized by a sheriff's officer: their property was secured to them by the prudence as well as by the generosity of their master.

"One morning, as Mr. Edwards was walking in that part of his plantation which joined to Mr. Jefferies' estate, he thought he he heard the voice of distress at some distance. The lamentations grew louder and louder as he approached a cottage which stood upon the borders of Jeffries' plantation.

"This cottage belonged to a slave of the name of Cæsar, the best negro in Mr. Jefferies' possession. Such had been his industry and exertion, that, notwithstanding the severe tasks imposed by Durant, the overseer, Cæsar found means to cultivate his provision-ground to a degree of perfection no where else to be seen on this estate. Mr. Edwards had often admired this poor fellow's industry, and now hastened to enquire what misfortune had befallen him.

"When he came to the cottage, he found Cæsar standing with his arms folded and his eyes fixed upon the ground. A young and beautiful female negro was weeping bitterly, as she knelt at the feet of Durant, the overseer; who, regarding her with a sullen aspect, repeated, 'He must go. I tell you, woman, he must go. What signifies all this nonsense?'

"At the sight of Mr. Edwards, the overseer's countenance suddenly changed, and assumed an air of obsequious civility. The poor woman retired to the farther corner of the cottage, and continued to weep. Cæsar never moved. 'Nothing is the matter, Sir (said Durant), but that Cæsar is going to be sold. That is what the woman is crying for. They were to be married; but we'll find Clara another husband, I tell her; and she'll get the better of her grief, you know, sir, as I tell her, in time.'

'Never! never!' (said Clara).

'To whom is Cæsar going to be sold? and for what sum?'

'For what can be got for him (replied Durant, laughing); and to whosoever will buy him. The sheriff's

"* History of the West Indies; from which these ideas are adopted—not stolen.

"† See an eloquent and pathetic passage on this subject in the History of the West Indies, vol. ii. p. 153, second edition.

officer is here, who has seized him for debt, and must make the most of him at market.'

'Poor fellow (said Mr. Edwards)! and must he leave this cottage which he has built, and these bananas which he has planted!'

"Cæsar now, for the first time, looked up, and fixing his eyes upon Mr. Edwards for a moment, advanced with an intrepid rather than an imploring countenance, and said, 'Will you be my master? will you be her master? Buy both of us. You shall not repent of it. Cæsar will serve you faithfully.'

"On hearing these words, Clara sprang forwards; and, clasping her hands together, repeated, 'Cæsar will serve you faithfully.'

"Mr. Edwards was moved by their entreaties, but he left them without declaring his intentions. He went immediately to Mr. Jefferies, whom he found stretched on a sofa, drinking coffee. As soon as Mr. Edwards mentioned the occasion of his visit, and expressed his sorrow for Cæsar, Jefferies exclaimed, 'Yes, poor devil! I pity him from the bottom of my soul. But what can I do? I leave all those things to Durant. He says the sheriff's officer has seized him; and there's an end of the matter. You know money must be had. Besides, Cæsar is not worse off than any other slave sold for debt. What signifies talking about the matter, as if it was something that never happened before! Is not it a case that occurs every day in Jamaica?'

'So much the worse,' replied Mr. Edwards.

'The worse for them, to be sure (said Jefferies). But, after all, they are slaves, and used to be treated as such; and they tell me the negroes are a thousand times happier here, with us, than they ever were in their own country.'

'Did the negroes tell you so themselves?

'No; but people better informed than negroes have told me so; and, after all, slaves there must be, for indigo, and rum, and sugar, we must have.'

'Granting it to be physically impossible that the world should exist without rum, sugar, and indigo, why could they not be produced by freemen, as well as by slaves? If we hired negroes for labourers, instead of purchasing them for slaves, do you think they would not work as well as they do now? Does any negro, under the fear of the overseer, work harder than a Birmingham journeyman, or a Newcastle collier, who toil for themselves and their families?'

'Of that I don't pretend to judge. All I know is, that the West India planters would be ruined, if they had no slaves; and I am a West India planter.'

'So am I; yet I do not think they are the only people whose interest ought to be considered in this business.'

'Their interests, luckily, are protected by the laws of the land; and, though they are rich men, and white men, and freemen, they have as good a claim to their rights as the poorest black slave on any of our plantations.'

'The law, in our case, seems to make the right; and the very reverse ought to be done: the right should make the law.'

'Fortunately for us planters, we need not enter into such nice distinctions. You could not, if you would, abolish the trade. Slaves would be smuggled into the islands.'

'What, if nobody would buy them! You know that you cannot smuggle slaves into England. The instant a slave touches English ground, he becomes free. Glorious privilege! Why should it not be extended to all her dominions? If the future importation of slaves into these islands were forbidden by law, the trade must cease. No man can either sell or possess slaves, without it's being known; they cannot be smuggled like lace or brandy.'

'Well, well (retorted Jefferies, a little impatiently)! as yet, the law is on our side. I can do nothing in this business, nor you neither!'

'Yes, we can do something; we can endeavour to make our negroes as happy as possible.'

'I leave the management of these people to Durant.'

'That is the very thing of which they complain; forgive me for speaking to you with the frankness of an old acquaintance.'

'Oh, you can't oblige me more! I love frankness of all things! To tell

you the truth, I have heard complaints of Durant's severity; but I make it a principle to turn a deaf ear to them, for I know nothing can be done with these fellows without it. You are partial to negroes; but even you must allow they are a race of beings naturally inferior to us. You may in vain think of managing a black as you would a white. Do what you please for a negro, he will cheat you the first opportunity he finds. You know what their maxim is:—God gives black men what white men forget.'

"To these common-place desultory observations, Mr. Edwards made no reply; but recurred to poor Cæsar, and offered to purchase both him and Clara, at the highest price the sheriff's officer could obtain for them at market. Mr. Jefferies, with the utmost politeness to his neighbour, but with the most perfect indifference to the happiness of those whom he considered of a different species from himself, acceded to this proposal. 'Nothing could be more reasonable (he said); and he was happy to have it in his power to oblige a gentleman for whom he had such a high esteem.'

"The bargain was quickly concluded with the sheriff's officer; for Mr. Edwards willingly paid several dollars more than the market price for the two slaves. When Cæsar and Clara heard that they were not to be separated, their joy and gratitude were expressed with all the ardour and tenderness peculiar to their different characters. Clara was an Eboe, Cæsar a Koromantyn Negro. The Eboes are soft, languishing, and timid. The Koromantyns are frank, fearless, martial, and heroic.

"Mr. Edwards carried his new slaves home with him; desired Bayley, his overseer, to mark out a provision-ground for Cæsar, and to give him a cottage which happened at this time to be vacant.

'Now, my good friend (said he to Cæsar), you may work for yourself, without fear that what you earn may be taken from you, or that you should ever be sold to pay your master's debts. If he does not understand what I am saying (continued Mr. Edwards, turning to his overseer), you will explain it to him.'

"Cæsar perfectly understood all that Mr. Edwards said; but his feelings were at this instant so strong, that he could not find expression for his gratitude. He stood like one stupified! Kindness was new to him, it overpowered his manly heart; and, at hearing the words 'my good friend,' the tears gushed from his eyes—tears, which no torture could have extorted! Gratitude swelled in his bosom; and he longed to be alone, that he might freely yield to his emotions.

"He was glad when the conch-shell sounded, to call the negroes to their daily labour, that he might relieve the sensations of his soul by bodily exertion. He performed his task in silence, and an inattentive observer might have thought him sullen.

"In fact, he was impatient for the day to be over, that he might get rid of a heavy load which weighed upon his mind.

"The cruelties practised by Durant, the overseer of Jefferies' plantation, had exasperated the slaves under his dominion.

"They were all leagued together in a conspiracy, which was kept profoundly secret. Their object was to extirpate every white man, woman, and child, in the island. Their plans were laid with consummate art; and the negroes were urged to execute them by all the courage of despair.

"The confederacy extended to all the negroes in the island of Jamaica, excepting those on the plantation of Mr. Edwards. To them no hint of the dreadful secret had yet been given; their countrymen, knowing the attachment they felt to their master, dared not trust them with these projects of vengeance. Hector, the negro who was at the head of the conspirators, was the particular friend of Cæsar, and had imparted to him all his designs. These friends were bound to each other by the strongest ties. Their slavery and their sufferings began in the same hour: they were both brought from their own country in the same ship. This circumstance alone forms amongst the negroes a bond of connexion not easily to be dissolved. But the friendship of Cæsar and Hector commenced even before they were united by the sympathy of misfortune; they were both of the same nation, both Koromantyns. In Africa, they had both been accus-

tomed to command; for they had signalized themselves by superior fortitude and courage. They respected each other for excelling in all which they had been taught to consider as virtuous; and with them revenge was a virtue!

"Revenge was the ruling passion of Hector; in Cæsar's mind, it was rather a principle instilled by education. The one considered it as a duty, the other felt it as a pleasure. Hector's sense of injury was acute in the extreme; he knew not how to forgive. Cæsar's sensibility was yet more alive to kindness than to insult. Hector would sacrifice his life, to extirpate an enemy. Cæsar would devote himself for the defence of a friend; and Cæsar now considered a white man as his friend.

"He was now placed in a painful situation. All his former friendships, all the solemn promises by which he was bound to his companions in misfortune, forbade him to indulge that delightful feeling of gratitude and affection which, for the first time, he experienced for one of that race of beings whom he had hitherto considered as detestable tyrants! objects of implacable and just revenge!

"Cæsar was most impatient to have an interview with Hector, that he might communicate his new sentiments, and dissuade him from those schemes of destruction which he meditated. At midnight, when all the slaves except himself were asleep, he left his cottage, and went to Jefferies' plantation, to the hut in which Hector slept. Even in his dreams, Hector breathed vengeance. 'Spare none! sons of Africa, spare none!' were the words he uttered in his sleep, as Cæsar approached the mat on which he lay. The moon shone full upon him. Cæsar contemplated the countenance of his friend, fierce even in sleep. 'Spare none! oh, yes! there is one that must be spared. There is one for whose sake all must be spared!'

"He wakened Hector by this exclamation. 'Of what were you dreaming?' said Cæsar.

'Of that which, sleeping or waking, fills my soul!—Revenge! Why did you waken me from my dream? it was delightful. The whites were weltering in their blood! But silence! we may be overheard!'

'No; every one sleeps, but ourselves (replied Cæsar). I could not sleep—without speaking to you on—a subject that weighs upon my mind. You have seen Mr. Edwards?'

'Yes. He that is now your master.'

'He that is now my benefactor! my friend!'

'Friend! can you call a white man friend?' cried Hector, starting up with a look of astonishment and indignation.

'Yes (replied Cæsar, with firmness); and you would speak, ay, and would feel, as I do, Hector, if you knew this white man. Oh! how unlike he is to all of his race, that we have ever seen! Do not turn from me with so much disdain; hear me with patience, my friend.'

'I cannot (replied Hector) listen with patience to one who, between the rising and setting sun, can forget all his resolutions, all his promises! who, by a few soft words, can be so wrought upon as to forget all the insults, all the injuries, he has received from this accursed race; and can even call a white man friend!'

"Cæsar, unmoved by Hector's anger, continued to speak of Mr. Edwards with the warmest expressions of gratitude; and finished by declaring he would sooner forfeit his life than rebel against such a master. He conjured Hector to desist from executing his designs; but all was in vain. Hector sat with his elbows fixed upon his knees, leaning his head upon his hands, in glooomy silence.

"Cæsar's mind was divided between love for his friend and gratitude to his master: the conflict was violent and painful. Gratitude at last prevailed: he repeated his declaration, that he would rather die than continue in a conspiracy against his benefactor.

"Hector refused to except him from the general doom. 'Betray us if you will (cried he). Betray our secrets to him whom you call your benefactor; to him who a few hours has made your friend! To him sacrifice the friend of your youth, the companion of your better days, of your better self! Yes, Cæsar, deliver me over to the tormentors; I can endure more than they can inflict: I

shall expire without a sigh, without a groan. Why do you linger here, Cæsar? Why do you hesitate? Hasten this moment to your master; claim your reward for delivering into his power hundreds of your countrymen! Why do you hesitate? Away! The coward's friendship can be of use to none. Who can value his gratitude? who can fear his revenge?'

"Hector raised his voice so high, as he pronounced these words, that he wakened Durant, the overseer, who slept in the next house. They heard him call out suddenly, to enquire who was there; and Cæsar had but just time to make his escape before Durant appeared. He searched Hector's cottage; but, finding no one, again retired to rest. This man's tyranny made him constantly suspicious; he dreaded that the slaves should combine against him; and he endeavoured to prevent them, by every threat and every stratagem he could devise, from conversing with each other.

"They had, however, taken their measures hitherto so secretly, that he had not the slightest idea of the conspiracy which was forming in the island. Their schemes were not yet ripe for execution; but the appointed time approached. Hector, when he coolly reflected on what had passed between him and Cæsar, could not help admiring the frankness and courage with which he had avowed his change of sentiments. By this avowal, Cæsar had in fact exposed his own life to the most imminent danger from the vengeance of the conspirators, who might be tempted to assassinate him who had their lives in his power. Notwithstanding the contempt with which, in the first moment of passion, he had treated his friend, he was extremely anxious that he should not break off all connection with the conspirators. He knew that Cæsar possessed both intrepidity and eloquence; and that his opposition to their schemes would, perhaps, entirely frustrate their whole design. He therefore determined to use every possible means to bend him to their purposes.

"He resolved to have recourse to one of those persons who, amongst the negroes, are considered as sorceresses. Esther, an old Koromantyn negress, had obtained, by her skill in poisonous herbs and her knowledge of venomous reptiles, a high reputation amongst her countrymen. She soon taught them to believe her to be possessed of supernatural powers; and she then worked their imagination to what pitch and purpose she pleased.

"She was the chief instigator of this intended rebellion. It was she who had stimulated the revengeful temper of Hector almost to phrenzy. She now promised him that her arts should be exerted over his friend; and it was not long before he felt their influence. Cæsar soon perceived an extraordinary change in the countenance and manner of his beloved Clara. A melancholy hung over her, and she refused to impart to him the cause of her dejection. Cæsar was indefatigable in his exertions to cultivate and embellish the ground near his cottage, in hopes of making it an agreeable habitation for her; but she seemed to take no interest in any thing. She would stand beside him immoveable, in a deep reverie; and when he enquired whether she was ill, she would answer 'no,' and endeavour to assume an air of gaiety; but this cheerfulness was transient; she soon relapsed into despondency. At length, she endeavoured to avoid her lover, as if she feared his further enquiries.

"Unable to endure this state of suspense, he one evening resolved to bring her to an explanation. 'Clara (said he) you once loved me; I have done nothing, have I, to forfeit your confidence?'

'I once loved you (said she, raising her languid eyes, and looking at him with reproachful tenderness)! And can you doubt my constancy? Oh! Cæsar, you little know what is passing in my heart! You are the cause of my melancholy.'

"She paused and hesitated, as if afraid that she had said too much; but Cæsar urged her with so much vehemence and so much tenderness to open to him her whole soul, that at last she could not resist his eloquence. She reluctantly revealed to him that secret of which she could not think without horror. She informed him, that, unless he complied with what was required of him by the sorceress Esther, he was devoted to die. What it was that Esther required of him Clara knew not: she knew nothing

of the conspiracy. The timidity of her character was ill suited to such a project; and every thing relating to it had been concealed from her with the utmost care.

"When she explained to Cæsar the cause of her dejection, his natural courage resisted these superstitious fears, and he endeavoured to raise Clara's spirits. He endeavoured in vain: she fell at his feet, and, with tears and the most tender supplications, conjured him to avert the wrath of the sorceress by obeying her commands, whatever they might be!

'Clara (replied he), you know not what you ask!'

'I ask you to save your life (said she). I ask you, for my sake, to save your life, while yet it is in your power.'

'But would you, to save my life, Clara, make me the worst of criminals? Would you make me the murderer of my benefactor?'

"Clara started with horror!

'Do you recollect the day, the moment, when we were on the point of being separated for ever, Clara? Do you remember the white man's coming to my cottage? do you remember his look of benevolence, his voice of compassion? do you remember his generosity? Oh, Clara, would you make me the murderer of this man?'

'Heaven forbid (said Clara)! This cannot be the will of the sorceress!'

'It is (said Cæsar)! but she shall not succeed, even though she speaks with the voice of Clara. Urge me no farther; my resolution is fixed. I should be unworthy of your love if I were capable of treachery and ingratitude.'

'But is there no means of averting the wrath of Esther (said Clara)? Your life—'

'Think first of my honour (interrupted Cæsar). Your fears deprive you of reason. Return to this sorceress; and tell her that I dread not her wrath. My hands shall never be imbrued in the blood of my benefactor. Clara! can you forget his look when he told us that we should never more be separated?'

'It went to my heart (said Clara, bursting into tears). Cruel, cruel, Esther! why do you command us to destroy such a generous master?'

"The conch sounded to summon the negroes to their morning's work. It happened this day, that Mr. Edwards, who was continually intent upon increasing the comforts and happiness of his slaves, sent his carpenter, while Cæsar was absent, to fit up the inside of his cottage; and when Cæsar returned from work he found his master pruning the branches of a tamarind tree, that overhung the thatch.

'How comes it, Cæsar (said he), that you have not pruned these branches?'

"Cæsar had no knife. 'Here is mine for you (said Mr. Edwards). It is very sharp (added he smiling); but I am not one of those masters who are afraid to trust their negroes with sharp knives.'

"These words were spoken with perfect simplicity; Mr. Edwards had no suspicion, at this time, of what was passing in the negro's mind. Cæsar received the knife without uttering a syllable; but no sooner was Mr. Edwards out of sight, than he knelt down, and, in a transport of gratitude, swore that, with this knife, he would stab himself to the heart, sooner than betray his master.

"The principle of gratitude conquered every other sensation; the mind of Cæsar was not insensible to the charms of freedom: he knew the negro conspirators had so taken their measures that there was the greatest probability of their success. His heart beat high at the idea of recovering his liberty; but he was not to be seduced from his duty, not even by this delightful hope; nor was he to be intimidated by the dreadful certainty that his former friends and countrymen, considering him as a deserter from their cause, would become his bitterest enemies. The loss of Hector's esteem and affection was deeply felt by Cæsar. Since the night that the decisive conversation relative to Mr. Edwards passed, Hector and he had never exchanged a syllable.

"This visit proved the cause of much suffering to Hector, and to several of the slaves on Jefferies' plantation. We mentioned that Durant had been awakened by the raised voice of Hector. Though he could not find

any one in the cottage, yet his suspicions were not dissipated; and an accident nearly brought the whole conspiracy to light. Durant had ordered one of the negroes to watch a boiler of sugar; the slave was overcome by the heat, and fainted. He had scarcely recovered his senses when the overseer came up, and found that the sugar had fermented, by having remained a few minutes too long in the boiler. He flew into a violent passion, and ordered that the negro should receive fifty lashes. His victim bore them without uttering a groan; but when his punishment was over, and when he thought the overseer was gone, he exclaimed, 'It will soon be our turn!'

"Durant was not out of hearing. He turned suddenly, and observed that the negro looked at Hector when he pronounced these words; and this confirmed the suspicion that Hector was carrying on some conspiracy. He immediately had recourse to that brutality which he considered as the only means of governing black men. Hector and three other negroes were lashed unmercifully; but no confessions could be extorted.

"Mr. Jefferies might, perhaps, have forbidden such violence to be used, if he had not been at the time carousing with a party of jovial West Indians, who thought of nothing but indulging their appetites in all the luxuries that art and nature could supply. The sufferings which had been endured by many of the wretched negroes, to furnish out this magnificent entertainment, were never once thought of by these selfish epicures. Yet so false are the general estimates of character, that all these gentlemen passed for men of great feeling and generosity! The human mind, in certain situations, becomes so accustomed to ideas of tyranny and cruelty, that they no longer appear extraordinary or detestable; they rather seem part of the necessary and immutable order of things.

"Mr. Jefferies was stopped, as he passed from his dining-room into his drawing-room, by a little negro child, of about five years old, who was crying bitterly. He was the son of one of the slaves who were at this moment under the torturer's hand. 'Poor little devil (said Mr. Jefferies, who was more than half intoxicated)! Take him away; and tell Durant, some of ye, to pardon his father—if he can.'

"The child ran eagerly to announce his father's pardon; but he soon returned, crying more violently than before. Durant would not hear the boy; and it was now no longer possible to appeal to Mr. Jefferies, for he was in the midst of an assembly of fair ladies; and no servant belonging to the house dared to interrupt the festivities of the evening. The three men who were so severely flogged, to extort from them confessions, were perfectly innocent: they knew nothing of the confederacy; but the rebels seized the moment, when their minds were exasperated by this cruelty and injustice, and they easily persuaded them to join the league. The hopes of revenging themselves upon the overseer was a motive sufficient to make them brave death in any shape.

"Another incident, which happened a few days before the time destined for the revolt of the slaves, determined numbers who had been undecided. Mrs. Jefferies was a languid beauty, or rather a languid fine lady who had been a beauty, and who spent all that part of the day which was not devoted to the pleasures of the table, or in reclining on a couch, in dress. She was one day extended on a sofa, fanned by four slaves, two at her head and two at her feet, when news was brought that a large chest, directed to her, was just arrived from London.

"This chest contained various articles of dress, of the newest fashions. The Jamaica ladies carry their ideas of magnificence to a high pitch: they willingly give a hundred guineas for a gown, which they, perhaps, wear but once or twice. In the elegance and variety of her ornaments, Mrs. Jefferies was not exceeded by any lady in the island, except by one, who had lately received a cargo from England. She now expected to outshine her competitor, and desired that the chest should be unpacked in her presence.

"In taking out one of the gowns, it caught on a nail in the lid, and was torn. The lady, roused from her natural indolence by this disappoint-

ment to her vanity, instantly ordered that the unfortunate female slave should be severely chastised. The woman was the wife of Hector; and this fresh injury worked up his temper, naturally vindictive, to the highest point. He ardently longed for the moment when he might satiate his vengeance.

"The plan the negroes had laid was to set fire to the canes, at one and the same time, on every plantation; and when the white inhabitants of the island should run to put out the fire, the blacks were to seize this moment of confusion and consternation to fall upon them and make a general massacre. The time when this scheme was to be carried into execution was not known to Cæsar; for the conspirators had changed their day as soon as Hector told them that his friend was no longer one of the confederacy. They dreaded he should betray them; and it was determined that he and Clara should both be destroyed, unless they could be prevailed upon to join the conspiracy.

"Hector wished to save his friend, but the desire of vengeance overcame every other feeling. He resolved, however, to make an attempt, for the last time, to change Cæsar's resolution.

"For this purpose, Esther was the person he employed: she was to work upon his mind by means of Clara. On returning to her cottage one night, she found, suspended from the thatch, one of those strange fantastic charms with which the Indian sorceresses terrify those whom they have proscribed. Clara, unable to conquer her terror, repaired again to Esther, who received her at first in mysterious silence; but, after she had implored her forgiveness for the past and with all possible humility conjured her to grant her future protection, the sorceress deigned to speak. Her commands were, that Clara should prevail upon her lover to meet her, on this awful spot, the ensuing night.

"Little suspecting what was going forward on the plantation of Jefferies, Mr. Edwards that evening gave his slaves a holiday. He and his family came out at sunset, when the fresh breeze had sprung up, and seated themselves under a spreading palm-tree, to enjoy the pleasing spectacle of this negro festival. His negroes were all well clad; their turbans were of the gayest colours, and their merry countenances suited the gaiety of their dress. Whilst some were dancing, and some playing on the tambourine, others appeared among the distant trees, bringing baskets of avocado pears, grapes, and pine-apples, the produce of their own provision-grounds; while some of them were employed in spreading their clean trenchers, or the calabashes, which served for plates and dishes. The negroes continued to dance and divert themselves till late in the evening. When they separated and retired to rest, Cæsar, recollecting his promise to Clara, repaired secretly to the habitation of the sorceress. It was situated in the recess of a thick wood. When he arrived there, he found the door fastened; and he was obliged to wait some time before it was opened by Esther.

"The first object he beheld was his beloved Clara stretched on the ground, apparently a corpse! The sorceress had thrown her into a trance, by a preparation of deadly nightshade. The hag burst into an infernal laugh when she beheld the despair that was painted in Cæsar's countenance. 'Wretch (cried she)! you have defied my power: behold it's victim!'

"Cæsar, in a transport of rage, seized her by the throat; but his fury was soon checked.

'Destroy me (said the fiend), and you destroy your Clara. She is not dead, but she lies in the sleep of death, into which she has been thrown by magic art, and from which no power, but mine, can restore her to the light of life. Yes! look at her, pale and motionless! never will she rise from the earth, unless, within one hour, you obey my commands. I have administered to Hector and his companions the solemn Fetish oath, at the sound of which every negro in Africa trembles! You know my object!'

'Fiend, I do (replied Cæsar, eyeing her sternly)! but while I have life it shall never be accomplished.'

'Look yonder (cried she, pointing to the moon)! In a few minutes, that moon will set: at that hour, Hector and his friends will appear. They come armed! armed with weapon-

which I shall steep in poison for their enemies. Themselves I will render invulnerable. Look again (continued she)! if my dim eyes mistake not, yonder they come. Rash man, you die, if they cross my threshold.'

'I wish for death (said Cæsar). Clara is dead!'

'But you can restore her to life by a single word.'

"Cæsar, at this moment, seemed to hesitate.

'Consider! your heroism is vain (continued Esther). You will have the knives of fifty of the conspirators in your bosom, if you do not join them; and, after you have fallen, the death of your master is inevitable. Here is the bowl of poison in which the negro knives are to be steeped. Your friends, your former friends, your countrymen, will be in arms in a few minutes; and they will bear down every thing before them! Victory! wealth! freedom! and revenge! will be their's!'

"Cæsar appeared to be more and more agitated. His eyes were fixed upon Clara. The conflict in his mind was violent; but his sense of gratitude and of duty could not be shaken by hope, fear, or ambition; nor could it be vanquished by love. He determined, however, to appear to yield. As if struck with panic at the approach of the confederate negroes, he suddenly turned to the sorceress, and said, in a tone of feigned submission, 'It is in vain to struggle with fate. Let my knife, too, be dipped in your magic poison.'

"The sorceress clapped her hands, with infernal joy in her countenance. She bade him instantly give her his knife, that she might plunge it to the hilt in the bowl of poison, to which she turned with savage impatience. His knife was left in his cottage; and under pretence of going in search of it he escaped. Esther promised to prepare Hector and all his companions to receive him with their ancient cordiality on his return. Cæsar ran with the utmost speed along a bye-path out of the wood, met none of the rebels, reached his master's house, scaled the wall of his bed-chamber, got in at the window, and wakened him, exclaiming, 'Arm! arm yourself, my dear master! arm all your slaves! they will fight for you, and die for you; as I will the first. The Koromantyn yell of war will be heard in Jefferies' plantation this night! Arm! arm yourself, my dear master, and let us surround the rebel leaders while it is yet time. I will lead you to the place where they are all assembled, on condition that their chief, who is my friend, shall be pardoned.'

"Mr. Edwards armed himself and the negroes on his plantation, as well as the whites: they were all equally attached to him. He followed Cæsar into the recesses of the wood.

"They proceeded with all possible rapidity, but in perfect silence, till they reached Esther's habitation; which they surrounded completely before they were perceived by the conspirators.

"Mr. Edwards looked through a hole in the wall; and, by the blue flame of a cauldron, over which the sorceress was stretching her shrivelled hands, he saw Hector and five stout negroes standing, intent upon her incantations. These negroes held their knives in their hands, ready to dip them into the bowl of poison. It was proposed by one of the whites to set fire immediately to the hut, and thus to force the rebels to surrender. The advice was followed; but Mr. Edwards charged his people to spare their prisoners. The moment the rebels saw that the thatch of the hut was in flames, they set up the Koromantyn yell of war, and rushed out with frantic desperation.

"'Yield! you are pardoned, Hector,' cried Mr. Edwards, in a loud voice.

"'You are pardoned, my friend!' repeated Cæsar.

"Hector, incapable at this instant of listening to any thing but revenge, sprang forwards, and plunged his knife into the bosom of Cæsar. The faithful servant staggered back a few paces; his master caught him in his arms. 'I die content (said he). Bury me with Clara!'

"He swooned from loss of blood, as they were carrying him home; but when his wound was examined, it was found not to be mortal. As he recovered from his swoon, he stared wildly round him, trying to recollect where he was and what had happened. He thought that he was still in a dream, when he saw his beloved Cla-

ra standing beside him. The opiate which the pretended sorceress had administered to her had ceased to operate; she wakened from her trance just at the time the Koromantyn yell commenced. Cæsar's joy!—

"We must leave that to the imagination.

"In the mean time, what became of the rebel negroes and Mr. Edwards?

"The taking the chief conspirators prisoners did not prevent the negroes upon Jefferies' plantation from insurrection. The moment they heard the war-whoop, the signal agreed upon, they rose in a body; and before they could be prevented, either by the whites on the estate or Mr. Edwards's adherents, they had set fire to the overseer's house and to the canes. The overseer was the principal object of their vengeance: he died in tortures, inflicted by the hands of those who had suffered most by his cruelties. Mr. Edwards, however, quelled the insurgents before rebellion spread to any other estates in the island. The influence of his character and the effect of his eloquence upon the minds of the people were astonishing: nothing but his interference could have prevented the total destruction of Mr. Jefferies and his family; who, as it was computed, lost this night upward of fifty thousand pounds. He was never afterward able to recover his losses, or to shake off his constant fear of a fresh insurrection among his slaves. At length, he and his lady returned to England, where they were obliged to live in obscurity and indigence. They had no consolation in their misfortunes but that of railing at the treachery of the whole race of slaves. Our readers, we hope, will think that at least one exception may be made—in favour of THE GRATEFUL NEGRO." vol. iii. p. 240.

"*March*, 1802.

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Chatham, whose bosom burn'd with freedom's flame;
And he whose deeds o'er spacious earth extend,
Not one alone, but every country's friend;
Life's active stage with loud applause he trod,
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